

In This Issue

VOLUME 154

January 22, 1930

NUMBER 4

Looking Forward	123
Frontispiece: High Life in the Gay Nineties	124

Articles

A Prohibitionist Faces Facts	125
By FRANCIS M. COCKRELL	
The Fight Against Abundance	129
By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS	
A Preface to Parity	130
By HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON	
Our Booming Beauty Business	133
By PAUL W. WHITE	
God, 1930	144
By GILBERT P. SIMONS	
Continuing the Foch Tradition	147
By T. R. YBARRA	

The Trend of Events

The Shearer Inquiry	136
Greek vs. Roman Sports	136
Sex Questionnaire	136
Ambassador to Berlin	137
Facing 'Round	137
The Poison Plan	137
The Naval Conference	138
Aerial Reporting	138
Theatre Reform	139
100-Ring Circus	139
Marriage à la Mode	140
Killing a Killer	140

Tooth Decay	141
Apartments for Farmers	141
Remarkable Remarks	141
In Brief	141
Back Stage in Washington	142

Editorial

Divorce	143
By A. G. KELLER	

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books	148
Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS	
Behind the Blurbs	149
By WALTER R. BROOKS	
Human Nature and Education	150
As Seen in Recent Books By EDWARD T. DEVINE	
The Theatre	152
By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY	
The Movies	153
By CREIGHTON PEET	
Art	154
O'Keeffe By ARTHUR STRAWN	
From the Life	155
By IBBY HALL	
Music	156
"Yolanda of Cyprus" Reviewed by MARSHALL KER- NOCHAN	
With Our Readers	122



EDITORS

FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY
 MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS
 JOHN T. HACKETT
 HENRY F. PRINGLE
 PARKHURST WHITNEY

ASSOCIATES

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT
 WALTER R. BROOKS
 HELEN CHANDLER
 HAROLD T. PULSIFER
 FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

The Outlook and Independent is indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature



THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, January 22, 1930. Volume 154, Number 4.
 Published weekly by The Outlook Company, at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y.
 Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Robert H. Woods;
 Sec'y, Harold T. Pulsifer. Subscription price \$5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each.
 Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union, \$6.56. Entered as second-class
 matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1923, at the
 Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930,
 by the Outlook Company.

Looking Forward

 FROM THE DAY Mr. Hoover delivered his speech of acceptance until the day he wrote to his friend Dr. Thompson we have never been able to find three men, Republicans or Democrats, who were able to agree precisely among themselves on what is Mr. Hoover's attitude toward Prohibition.

 MANY MEN, Republicans and Democrats alike, voted for Mr. Hoover because they believed his acceptance speech promised the appointment of a commission to inquire into the whole question of Prohibition. Further, they believed that if such a commission recommended modification of the Prohibition laws in the interests of sanity and temperance, Mr. Hoover would act upon such a recommendation.

 THE WORKING OUT of the Wickersham Commission has disabused them of that belief. Instead of an inquiry into Prohibition, and a consequent clearing of the problem from the bottom up, the red herring of general law enforcement has been dragged across the trail. The commission has from the beginning inquired into nothing beyond the methods of law enforcement, while interested partisans have endeavored to convince a cynical country that a sumptuary law against which millions of Americans voted has the same moral sanction as have our laws, for instance, against murder.

 SUCH METHODS, in our view, are disingenuous. They may be practical politics but sincerity and a genuine desire to ascertain the truth about this social problem—easily the most difficult since the slavery question—are what the country has the right to expect from the White House.

 THE GENERATION which abolished the saloon and pushed this country one step farther in the direction of social progress is rapidly passing. There is a new one already here which must correct the evils created by bone dry Prohibition. Mr. Hoover's course so far has tended only toward the production of what he calls "half-truths" with which to confuse this new generation.





Drawn by Edward Penfield.

HIGH LIFE IN THE GAY NINETIES
Summer gardens in New York

Outlook

and Independent

January 22, 1930

➤➤ A Prohibitionist Faces Facts ◀◀

PROHIBITION today possesses one most significant feature. Our leaders are at last beginning to realize and to admit that enforcement of the law has not been effective.

Wherever the results have been satisfactory, almost without exception those communities were already dry before the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted. Nearly all of our cities still remain wet. Not only do they supply the local demand, but, as in other lines of business, they are distributing points for liquor into adjacent dry territory.

Year by year there has been an increase in the number of arrests for drunkenness, deaths from alcoholism, Federal arrests and seizures, and in our consumption of the basic materials used for making liquor. These all point to a steady growth of the evils we had hoped to suppress: the liquor traffic itself, intemperance, and the general use of liquor. Three years ago conditions were worse than they were six years ago. They are worse today than they were three years ago.

That this should be true after ten years of its operation, places a most serious obligation upon those of us who are responsible for prohibition. We cannot evade this obligation. We cannot shift it over upon those who opposed our course and predicted its failure. Nor can we afford to blind ourselves to the fact that present conditions are absolutely intolerable. They simply cannot continue. We must find some way out.

What can we do about it? Suppose we first take stock; examine the causes

By FRANCIS M. COCKRELL

The author is a past and present supporter of the Eighteenth Amendment, but not of legislation which attempts to suppress all use of liquor. It is that "beautiful but impractical dream," he says, which has increased drinking, increased resistance to the law, retarded the cause of temperance and created a generally intolerable condition. The obligation to make readjustments, he says further, is "upon those of us who are responsible for prohibition." Mr. Cockrell's remedy is legalized home brewing. He is a son of the late Senator from Missouri

of our past failure. They may suggest a possible remedy.

Our Federal officials frankly admit that their work in the past was not all that it might have been. At the same time, however, they state that no matter what degree of efficiency their force may attain, its size is wholly inadequate to cope successfully with the enormous number of those who are violating the law. Further, to enlarge it sufficiently to make it adequate is out of the question. They cannot hope to do more than to suppress smuggling, illegal diversion of alcohol and liquors made for legitimate purposes, and large-scale illegal production and distribution. These together form but a small fraction of the total liquor output. They involve an even smaller fraction of the number of law-violators.

In order to secure really effective results, these Federal officials declare it is absolutely vital that they have the co-operation of local officials throughout the country, the police in the cities and towns, and the sheriffs and their deputies in the rural sections. As a matter of fact, by far the greater part of the burden rests upon these thousands of local officials. The small Federal force serves merely as an aid to them.

Now, to these local officials prohibition is but one of numerous state laws they are supposed to enforce. There are the laws against theft, assault, murder. There is also the law against working in one's garden or playing a game of dominoes on Sunday. Then there is the law against playing a game of bridge in one's home for a tenth-of-a-cent a point. And none of these in their wording

furnish any clue as to the relative desirability of their enforcement. Another law makes it the clear duty of officials to enforce every one without exception. It makes them law violators themselves if they fail to arrest a man they see working in his garden on Sunday.

However, we all know that in practice these officials exercise a very wide discretion in their law enforcement. They are practically all locally appointed or elected, and they are but human. Hence, it is only natural that they should be guided by those who gave them their jobs, upon whose favor depends their continuing in office. This means that the effort they make to enforce any law is largely proportionate to the strength of local sentiment for such enforcement.

On the other hand, the opinions or desires of people in other states, or even in other communities of their own state, have but little weight with them. When such desires conflict with local sentiment, they are inclined to resent this attempt at dictation from the outside.

Our experience with prohibition shows that it offers no exception to this rule. It has been enforced; it is now

being enforced; and it will continue to be enforced in each community according to the sentiment which prevails there, regardless of national, state, or any other outside sentiment. Consequently, we are indulging in mere idle talk when we say that it can be enforced if only our officials will make a more zealous effort. Of course that is true. But they are not going to do this so long as the sentiment in their own community is opposed to it. This opposing sentiment in our wet communities is the underlying cause of our past failure. It is the one decisive factor in our problem of future enforcement. All other factors can be dismissed as being simply matters of detail.

In this connection we must bear in mind a very essential point. When our forefathers founded this Government, one chief evil they sought to avoid was that of a strongly centralized state which could impose its arbitrary will upon its citizens. They so designed its mechanism that it inherently lacks the power to enforce a law which is opposed by a large body of public sentiment. Successful enforcement of any law depends upon its voluntary observance by the great mass of our people. Therefore, our one hope of success is to win over a large part of the present opposition.

During the past we have made numerous efforts to do this. The results, however, have been worse than fruitless. Our leaders admit that resistance to the law today is stronger and more intense than ever before. We have failed here largely because we have closed our minds to the plain facts. That which we have declared illegal is not something which has always been universally regarded as wrong. But little over a century ago the use of liquor was as common among clergymen

as among any other class. And today many of the highest authorities hold that its moderate use is not harmful; that in fact it is often beneficial. Now we are attempting to impose our judgment by force of law. Many of our leaders are in the habit of branding as criminals those who differ with us. The inevitable result has been only to increase resentment against the law, to render more remote our chances of success.

they feel that the good part cannot be accomplished without imposition of the bad part, they oppose the law as a whole. We therefore have this condition: With an almost unanimous sentiment in favor of suppressing the traffic in liquor, there is such a strong sentiment against suppressing its use that we are failing to get effective enforcement of either.

In this unfortunate situation there is one particular feature which stands out above everything else. That part of prohibition which is causing all our trouble is clearly outside and beyond the purpose of the Eighteenth Amendment. It prohibits merely the traffic in liquor; the manufacture, sale, transportation, importation and exportation. A prohibition on the use was deliberately excluded by its author, Senator Sheppard. When the amendment was before the Senate for consideration, Senator Hardwick of Georgia proposed that there be inserted the words "use" and "purchase;" but Senator Sheppard opposed this. He said: "The amendment now framed destroys the traffic in intoxicating liquors. With that object accomplished, use will cease and purchase will

cease, and therefore it is unnecessary to have specific provisions as to purchase and use embodied in the amendment."

In other words, suppression of its use was merely the result which he hoped and expected would ensue from suppression of the traffic. It was the ultimate aim of the amendment,—not its direct, expressed purpose. Similarly, the aim of placing a very high tariff on an article might be to stop its importation, but that would not mean that its importation would be in fact prohibited by that law.

Therefore, by our subsequent enactment of laws for suppressing its use, we



MR. PICKWICK ENTERTAINS
From an early edition of "Pickwick Papers"

Suppose we lay aside for a moment our own opinions; stop this silly business of calling our opponents harsh names. Instead, let us examine fairly the reasons for their attitude.

There is a striking thing about this sentiment against prohibition. No matter how extreme it may be, we nearly always find with it a sentiment equally strong in favor of keeping out the open saloon operated for private profit. The opposition is directed solely against the ban which has been placed on the moderate use of liquor. In other words, its opponents consider that the law has a good part and a bad part. But, since

were not remedying an oversight. We were adding to them something which was intentionally excluded from the amendment. Many of our present state laws declare the mere possession of any kind of liquor to be illegal. In Missouri, for example, this carries a maximum penalty of a year in jail plus a fine of \$1,000. And everywhere it is considered a clearer violation of the law to make it than to buy it. The natural effect of this is to discourage its making and encourage its buying from a bootlegger. Hence, by our attempts to suppress its use, we have not only rendered ineffective our efforts to suppress the traffic; we have directly stimulated its patronage.

Now, there are only two ways to obtain liquor: to buy it or to make it oneself. If we had but confined our efforts to carrying out the declared purpose of the Eighteenth Amendment, and had permitted the use of home-made liquor, it is more than likely that by now the bootleg traffic would have been effectively suppressed. This in itself would have been a wonderful good, even if we had not effected any substantial decrease in the use of liquor.

So long as we persist in our futile efforts to suppress the use of liquor, we are thereby making ourselves directly responsible for the failure to carry out the purpose embodied in the Eighteenth Amendment. We alone are to blame for its nullification. Up to the present time we have refused to recognize the facts which confront us. We have contented ourselves with defending the law as it is, and fighting all proposals which have been offered for eliminating the one objectionable feature.

It is true that all plans so far proposed have one grave fault. They involve legalizing the sale of liquor. This means reviving the liquor traffic, either through private or state agencies; and none of these plans offer sufficient assurance that they will avoid the evils inherent in that traffic which caused us to adopt the Eighteenth Amendment.

But why should we sit back and wait for our opponents to suggest a remedy

grow out of the intemperate use of liquor, and are just as anxious as we are to suppress those evils. To that end they favor restrictions on its general use. But they feel that those who use it in moderation should be allowed some legal way to obtain it. As to how this shall be done, they are not attempting to dictate. Their only interest in the liquor traffic is as a source of supply for those who drink in moderation.

Hence, if we can provide some other source of supply than that, we will overcome their objection to its complete suppression. More than that we will gain their hearty co-operation in the accomplishment of that purpose.

This we can do today—and very simply — if we will. We need only to strike from our laws the additional matter which was intentionally excluded from the Eighteenth Amendment. In view of such intentional exclusion, it would appear that our legalizing the use of liquor could not involve any possible conflict. Nor should there be any question as to the clear legality of making it in the home. When a housewife makes a

batch of bread for her family she employs exactly the same process as that used in the largest bakery or bread factory. But, neither in the generally accepted meaning nor in the legal sense does she “manufacture” bread, or engage in the “traffic” in it. And this is just as true with reference to the home-making of liquor. That does not involve either *manufacture* or *traffic*.

However, it is not necessary that we specifically legalize the use of liquor. We can merely add to our Federal and state laws a provision that the making of liquors for personal or family use



CONVIVIALITY À LA DICKENS
From an early edition of "Pickwick Papers"

for the evils which we have created? Is it not our moral duty to work out a solution of the present intolerable situation?

Liquor is not a natural product. It must be *made*. This can be done commercially or by the individual for his own personal or family use. But the evils surrounding the commerce or traffic in liquor are such as to make that an undesirable source of supply.

The problem which confronts us is very clear. Those who are opposed to prohibition in its present form have stated their position frankly and fairly. They recognize the great evils which

shall not be considered a violation of any existing liquor laws.

Suppose, then, that this should be done; and at the same time our laws were strengthened against the traffic by declaring the purchase of any kind of liquor to be illegal. Consider the large number of law-abiding citizens whose patronage of the traffic today is the chief cause of its existence. Aside from this one question, we must admit that they are just as good citizens as ourselves; just as deeply interested in all that makes for our common welfare; just as active in their support of worthy causes. They would naturally prefer to be on the side of law and order. And every one of them who switched from bootleg to home-made liquor would not only reduce the traffic by that amount; he would add his influence to the present body of sentiment in favor of its suppression. It is likely that in a short time the positive sentiment would be so strengthened, the opposing sentiment so weakened, and the traffic itself so reduced in volume that its effective general suppression would be reasonably assured.

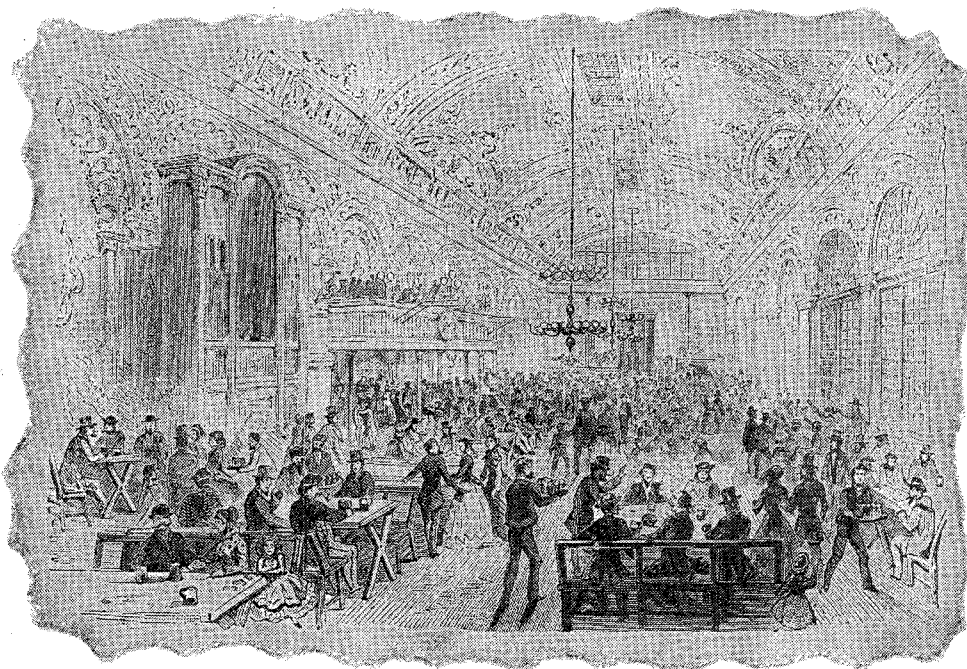
In its practical operation, it would tend to reduce intemperate drinking. A man is not nearly so apt to get drunk at home in the midst of his family as when out with other men. Also it would largely do away with the custom of treating, which is so frequently responsible for excessive drinking.

Another most important consideration: Our attempt to *force* people to stop using liquor has created a feeling of antagonism and resentment. This has closed their minds to a fair consideration of the reasons why they should do so of their own accord, and we will be confronted with this attitude of resistance so long as we continue to use coercion. However, if we remove this ill-feeling (by removing its cause), we will then be able to resume effectively our campaign of education

and moral suasion in favor of voluntary abstinence.

It is obvious that our attempt to suppress its use is the only obstacle which stands in the way of our suppressing the traffic. Therefore, it behooves us to examine our chances of success in this undertaking for which we are making such a great sacrifice. And, in order to keep the two parts of our problem separate, let us assume that the traffic does not exist; assume that there is not a drop of liquor for sale anywhere.

Both its fermentation and distillation are very simple processes. They do not involve either technical knowledge or elaborate and expensive outfits, and a



OLD PRINT

Sunday Beer Garden in the Good Old Days

very liberal week's supply for a whole family can be made in less than an hour's time. There is no difficulty in securing anywhere the necessary materials—yeast, sugar, grapes, raisins, hop-flavored malt syrup. The leading mail-order houses advertize in their catalogs all the necessary equipment—stoneware jars, bottles, caps, bottle-cappers, siphon tubes, copper "stock pots" of convenient size and shape for a home still, copper tubing in coils, white-oak kegs charred inside (which have no other purpose than for storing and aging liquor). In one of their grocery catalogs the place of honor—the front page—is devoted to seven different brands (including their own) of hop-flavored malt syrup, and the only possible use for this is to make beer. It should be borne in mind that these mail-

order houses do not try to create a market for new commodities. They confine their efforts to supplying a demand which already exists; and their business is largely in the rural sections, our dry strongholds, where enforcement against the traffic has had the greatest measure of success.

BUT there are official statistics which show beyond question that liquor is being made more and more in the homes right now. The annual reports of the Prohibition Bureau show that Federal seizures of beer in 1926 amounted to 14,217,685 gallons; in 1928 to only 4,250,189 gallons, a decrease of over seventy per cent. With an almost certain increased efficiency of the Federal force, these figures by themselves would indicate a decided decrease in the production of beer. However, we have some other figures which give quite a close approximation to the amount which was actually produced.

The year book of the Department of agriculture gives the annual production of hops, with the net exports and amount used for cereal beverages or near-beer. It is admitted that the amount used for all other legitimate purposes is only about 250,000 lbs. a year. So, if from the production we deduct the net exports, the amount used for near-beer, and an additional 250,000 lbs., we get the net amount which must necessarily have gone into the making of beer. In 1926 this was 10,505,000 lbs. (about 500 million gallons of beer); in 1928 it was 16,250,000 lbs. (nearly 800 million gallons), an increase of over fifty per cent. In other words, while the commercial production of beer has decreased very substantially, its actual total production has greatly increased. And where has this been made—if not in the homes?

It is therefore apparent that the use

(Please Turn to Page 159)

The Fight Against Abundance

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

The new year begins with correction of over-production as a major task for industry; nor is it a task for this country alone. Mr. Scroggs discusses here some of the preferred remedies

MANY of the forecasts made at the beginning of the year have pointed out that the progress which is made during 1930 will be governed in part by the ability of various industries to correct a condition of over-production. It is something of a paradox that prosperity should be hampered by a bountiful supply of useful goods. Yet if we take a look at the situation which recently has prevailed among producers of coal, iron, steel, copper, silver, petroleum, rubber, sugar, coffee, wheat, textiles, diamonds and automobiles, we shall find that all of them at one time or another have been wrestling with the problem of excessive output.

In some cases this trouble has been so acute that government aid has been invoked as a remedy. The colonial government of the British East Indies sought to restrict the marketing of plantation rubber by means of a sliding-scale of duties, with the rates gradually rising as exports exceeded an arbitrarily determined amount. The Cuban government undertook to curtail the output of sugar. The Brazilian government experimented with a coffee valorization scheme designed to sustain the price of coffee under conditions of over-supply. The South African government has sought to limit the exploitation of the diamond fields between the Orange and the Vaal rivers, after the efforts of a miners' syndicate to check output and maintain prices had proved futile.

None of these devices has been conspicuously successful. The British rubber restrictions for a time served a useful purpose, and probably saved many planters from bankruptcy. The producers, however, were not content with a reasonable price and obtained still more rigid restrictions, whose net result was to encourage production by competitors in the Dutch colonies, and the scheme was eventually abandoned. The Cuban government has likewise given up its attempt to curb the sugar output, and the Brazilian coffee valorization scheme has collapsed. What will come of the efforts to restrict the mining of diamonds in South Africa is still to be ascertained.

Many other devices have been advocated for dealing with the problem of overproduction. Both the American

and the British governments have had special commissions to study the coal problem and to recommend means for adjusting output to demand and for insuring fair wages to labor and fair prices to consumers. In the United States the recommendations of the Coal Commission for promoting stability in the industry seem to have been forgotten. The British Labor Government is tackling the coal problem afresh, but even its friends are not noticeably confident as to the result.

IN THE United States there has also been a vigorous drive to utilize the Government as an agency for eliminating surplus farm products from the domestic market by dumping them abroad for whatever they will bring and charging the losses from this operation against the producers. This was the principle of the so-called McNary-Haugen bill, which was passed twice by Congress, only to be vetoed each time by President Coolidge. The farm problem as we now know it is largely one of surplus crops. The Federal Farm Board, created by Congress at its special session last spring, is an agency for promoting orderly marketing and thus mitigating the effects of overproduction when it occurs.

This tendency toward overproduction is obviously too general and too persistent to represent merely an accidental condition. Its causes are to be found in the present organization of industry. They had their beginnings in the World War and they have had their fruition in the new industrial revolution which has followed that conflict. The War led to a great increase in the plant capacity of many industries—notably of iron, steel, coal and cotton and woolen textiles. It also brought a great increase in the acreage devoted to the raising of certain staple crops. The period since the War has brought even greater changes. The restriction of immigration has given labor a better bargaining position and enabled it to keep wages at virtually their war-

time level. This in turn has been conducive to the further mechanization of industry; that is, to the substitution of machine-power for man-power wherever this is practicable.

The result has been a larger output with fewer workers. Since the beginning of the century the average output per worker has increased by one-half, and most of this gain has come within the past decade.

The phenomenon of mass production has not been confined to the United States. Europe is rapidly turning to American methods. Its captains of industry are zealous converts to the gospel of "rationalization," which means the application of scientific methods to factory organization. Even the officials of Soviet Russia have become imbued with this idea of the new efficiency and are hoping to set the world an example of high industrial achievement with public rather than private ownership of the instruments of production.

The post-war changes have been so rapid that a considerable maladjustment between supply and demand has been inevitable, and the result appears in the world-wide fight against superabundance. The problem has been attacked from both the supply and the demand side. There have been efforts to curtail output and also to stimulate consumption by advertising and by finding new uses for the products of which there is a surplus. Henry Ford recently offered a solution of the problem out-of-hand by declaring that the way out is to reduce prices and to raise wages. To Mr. Ford, who enjoys a virtual monopoly of the output of one type of motor car and can thus fix his own wage-scales and prices, this policy may seem practicable, but it clearly does not fit the case of those who face intense competition and whose prices are fixed for them in the world market.

Troublesome as the problem is, it is evidently a product of industrial transition. Eventually the maladjustments between supply and demand will correct themselves, but the process of trial and error is costly. Everybody would prefer an easier solution, if it can be found, but so far the wisdom which is needed for this purpose has been lacking, and we have been fortunate to escape some of the proffered remedies.

A Preface to Parity

By HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

Some months ago the author wrote a tariff article that the Editors considered the most lucid exposition they had seen of that much muddled subject. In the present instance he deals in similar fashion with our naval policy which has also suffered at the hands of politicians and propagandists. In the next issue, Mr. Norton will consider the policies of the other powers at the London conference

FROM all the vast mass of material which has been written about the forthcoming London Conference, to say nothing of its recent predecessors at Geneva and Washington, it would appear that the naval policy of the United States might be summed up in one word—parity. President Hoover himself has said “we will reduce our naval strength in proportion to any other. Having said that it only remains for the others to say how low they will go. It cannot be too low for us.”

From this the hasty conclusion has been drawn in some quarters that we have no real naval needs at all; that we merely want a navy as big as anybody else's to maintain our national prestige; that we are governed, as it were, by a desire to “keep up with the Joneses.”

Certainly there is in our naval policy a determination that no other nation shall have a fleet which is sufficiently stronger than that of the United States to enable that nation to dominate in any way the life of this country. But this determination is the expression of a somewhat saner attitude than the desire to parade a long string of ships merely because some one else can do so. Our naval policy has its roots deep in our national history and is the natural corollary of the political and economic development of the United States.

A highly important factor in bringing this republic into existence as an independent nation was the fact that Europe at the time was distracted by a series of wars which prevented Great Britain from exerting her full strength to retain the colonies and brought them help from her enemies. Once free, our chief purpose for many years was to avoid involvement in this European strife. At the same time our commercial interests were endeavoring to extend our trade with the various European nations regardless of their state of belligerency.

Our naval policy evolved naturally out of this state of affairs. We looked upon ourselves as neutrals and insisted upon the rights of neutrals as limiting those of belligerents. These rights were lumped together under the

title “the freedom of the seas.” We claimed the liberty in time of war to carry on our trade with both belligerents as in time of peace, except for “contraband”—military supplies—and except where the ports of a belligerent were actually and effectually blockaded.

Until 1805 France and Spain disputed the mastery of the seas with the British, but the battle of Trafalgar in that year definitely established the British control of the seas which has since become a tradition. This control, which the British desire to use most effectively against their enemies, has made Great Britain the chief opponent of our cherished doctrine of the freedom of the seas.

THE CONFLICT of views brought us into the Napoleonic struggle in 1812. That war did not settle the issue, but the hundred years of peace, broken only by localized conflicts, allowed it to remain open without becoming acute except on one occasion. This was during our Civil War when the exigencies of the conflict led the Federal Government to abandon much of its own doctrine on the freedom of the seas and forced Great Britain to become its temporary and lukewarm advocate.

The outbreak of the Great War in 1914 found the two countries firmly supporting their traditional doctrines. The United States insisted upon her rights as a neutral, while Great Britain relied upon her navy and the control of the seas for victory in what was to her a life and death struggle. The issue was aggravated by the enormous extension which had taken place during the preceding century both in the kind and quantity of military materials and in the radius of fleet operation. Contraband and blockade were no longer the comparatively simple and definite things they had been a hundred years before. These words had to be applied to an entirely new and vastly

more complicated set of conditions.

The effort to make such application under the stress of war produced marked differences of opinion between Washington and London. The admiralty had demanded and received a free hand to use the British navy as effectively as

possible to win the War. They proceeded to do so with what at times seemed an entire disregard of American neutral rights. The navy was out to win the War and if in doing so they frequently trampled on Uncle Sam's toes or kicked that somewhat crusty gentleman in the shins, they left it to the Foreign Office to mollify his irritation as best it might.

The action of the British in interfering with our sea-borne commerce, justifiable as it was from their point of view, crystallized the demand in this country for a navy second to none. This demand was born of no desire for aggression—the United States has never had or tried to have a navy strong enough to enable us to take the aggressive against any comparable power—it was due simply to the determination to discourage aggression on the part of others by making it unprofitable.

We adopted an extensive building program in 1916. It is often said that this program if it had been completed would have given us the greatest navy in the world. It might have done so if all other countries had refrained from building. Our program was suspended after we entered the War, so that our shipyards might care for more pressing demands. When it was revived after the Armistice, both Great Britain and Japan adopted programs of their own which would still have enabled either of them to dispute our supremacy at sea.

The danger of a new competition in naval armaments brought the powers into conference at Washington in 1921. That conference was partly successful and partly unsuccessful. It stopped the race in capital ships, fixing their proportion at five for Great Britain and the United States, three for Japan and 1.67 for France and Italy. It failed to place any limitation upon cruisers of 10,000 tons or less or upon de-

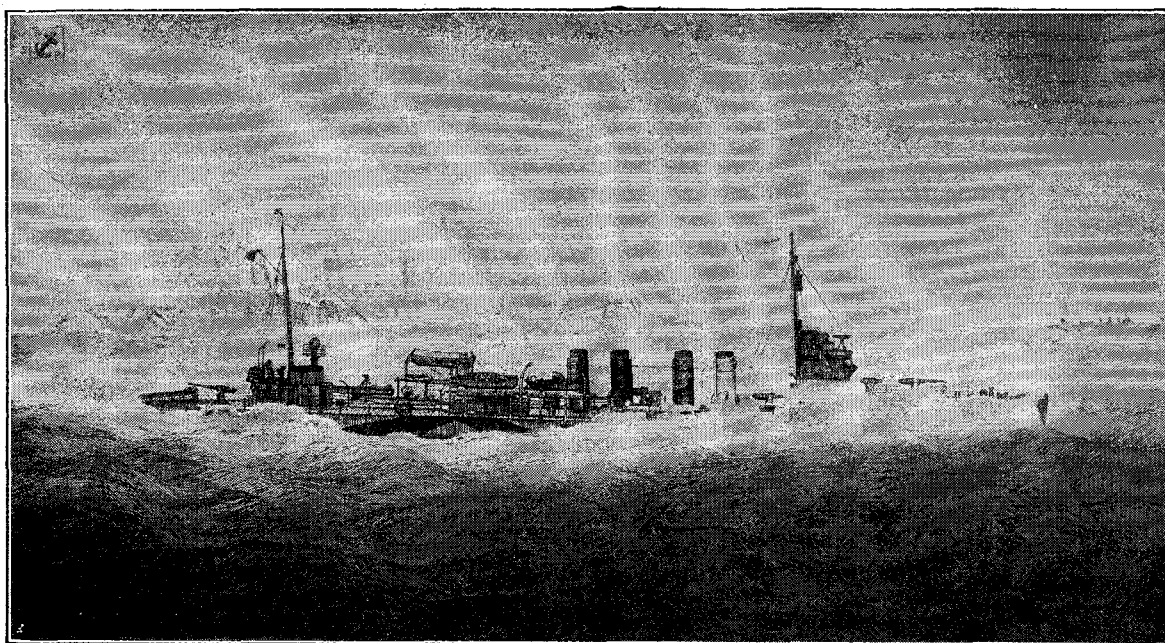
stroyers and submarines.

The threat of competitive building, thus averted as far as capital ships were concerned, soon reappeared in the smaller and unrestricted classes. By the end of 1926 the United States was far behind Great Britain in cruiser tonnage and Japan was rapidly overtaking us. President Coolidge's effort to extend the battleship ratios to lighter craft was unsuccessful. The meeting at Geneva in

1927 found France and Italy absent and the British and American delegations so much at odds that they were unable to reach any agreement.

While the Geneva Conference is usually spoken of as a failure, it served to bring home to public opinion both in Great Britain and the United States several aspects of the naval question which had never been generally understood before. It demonstrated that mathematical parity was impossible for nations as differently situated as the British Empire and the United States. It made clear the influence on naval power of such factors as the location of naval bases and the size of a country's merchant marine. Most useful of all, it brought home to both the British and American people that if they continued to look at the question in the Geneva manner it would lead to an embittered rivalry with potential eventualities which they preferred to think of as "unthinkable."

Both countries spoke at Geneva in terms of "defense." We demanded parity for defense and the British stated their willingness to let us have it. In all this both parties were sincere. But the British wanted us to put our cruiser tonnage into small cruisers such as they desired, a type of cruiser which was unsuited to our needs because we do not possess sufficient naval bases in all parts of the world to use it. We suggested putting our tonnage into 10,000-ton cruisers, but this would have given the American fleet superior



Courtesy Harlow, McDonald & Co.

THE YANKS ARE COMING

An etching by Burnell Poole

fighting power. Thus each side conceived of parity in terms which would have given it substantial superiority over the other.

The solution was obvious even at the time. Let Great Britain have what tonnage she needed in small cruisers and let the United States offset this by a small excess of large cruisers. Thus the larger tonnage of the British fleet would be balanced by the greater striking power of the American fleet. Technicians could not agree as to just how many small cruisers would offset one large cruiser. Their only means of securing data was actually to try the matter out in war. As this was just what everybody wished to avoid, the two nations very sensibly decided to take the matter out of the hands of the technicians and turn it over to the politicians.

They were fortunate in the two men to whom it fell to discuss the matter further. President Hoover and Prime Minister MacDonald proceeded on the theory not only that war was outlawed by the Kellogg Pact, but that if war could not be avoided between Great Britain and the United States there would be much more serious things to worry about than whether one or other of the two contestants had an excess cruiser or two. Approached in terms of peace instead of those of war, the problem could be solved by any formula which would give substantial equality to the two navies and would put an end once and for all to the competition between them.

On this basis there was no difficulty in their arriving at an understanding. Great Britain might have approximately 340,000 tons in cruisers while we would be content with approximately 300,000 tons. Of the British cruisers fifteen should be of the 10,000-ton type while the rest should be little fellows. On the other hand we should have between eighteen and twenty-one 10,000-ton cruisers and consequently a much smaller number of little fellows.

Mr. Hoover and Mr. MacDonald both expressed their pleasure at the results of their conversations. So far there has been no substantial criticism in this country and but little in England. Public opinion on both sides of the Atlantic seems to be well satisfied with the proposed solution and to find more feeling of security in the fact that a solution has been reached than either side could have found if its official view at Geneva had prevailed to the discomfiture and distrust of the other nation.

There has been one reservation in this country with regard to the Hoover-MacDonald understanding. There was a lively hope, encouraged by Mr. Hoover himself, that reduction as well as limitation of navies would be attained. The figures agreed upon, however, leave the United States under the necessity of building all but two of the fifteen large cruisers recently authorized or their equivalent. In order to meet even these figures, however, the British Admiralty has been forced to

cut its estimate of the number of cruisers it requires from seventy to fifty. America would be glad to go lower but Britain can hardly do so because of her concern with the fleets of France and Italy—a matter which interests us only indirectly. Unless these countries are willing to enter a general agreement, Great Britain may not see her way clear to cut her naval establishment even to the figures of the Hoover-MacDonald agreement. More can hardly be expected at present.

We have discussed our naval needs in terms of protection for our sea-borne commerce. It may be contended that this is a secondary function of the navy and that its first duty is to protect our coasts from attack.

It is obvious, however, that as long as we maintain substantial parity with Great Britain and a decided superiority over other European powers, our Atlantic coast is in no danger and we shall be supreme in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. No navy will attempt to cross the Atlantic either way to attack an equal or superior force in its home waters.

Something of this same philosophy underlies the Washington Conference agreement regarding the Pacific. Here our only potential rival is Japan. At the time of the Washington meeting there was considerable animosity between the Americans and the Japanese. Each nation had been told that the naval propensities of the other were a menace to its safety. The 5:3 ratio agreed upon for capital ships achieved the same happy result in the Pacific that capital ship parity with Britain achieved in the Atlantic. With that ratio, Japan could not hope successfully to attack the United States. And so great is the distance from San Francisco to Yokohama that even the larger American fleet would be inferior in strength to that of Japan in Japanese waters unless it had an adequate base

nearby from which to operate. When we agreed not to establish such a base at Guam or in the Philippines, Japan readily accepted the 5:3 ratio for capital ships.

Regarding cruisers the situation is somewhat different. A 10,000-ton cruiser equipped with eight-inch guns is a dangerous mechanism. It could work considerable havoc even in the neighborhood of hostile capital ships, contact with which its superior speed would enable it to avoid. Such a ship could operate with considerable effect in Japanese waters even from a base as far away as Hawaii.

The proposal to limit cruisers of this type has revived some of the old fears

with fifteen cruisers than with thirteen and, in the absence of any American plan to send cruisers across the Pacific to shoot up the Japanese fishing villages, it would appear to be a matter of indifference to us whether her ratio is 5:3 or 10:7. It does happen, however, that if Japan built fifteen 10,000-ton cruisers on a 7:10 ratio with us, she would have the same number in this class of ships which the Hoover-MacDonald understanding contemplates for Great Britain. In view of her extensive interests in the western Pacific and her heavy commitments elsewhere, Great Britain is not ready to grant parity to Japan. Here is a minor problem which will have to be worked out

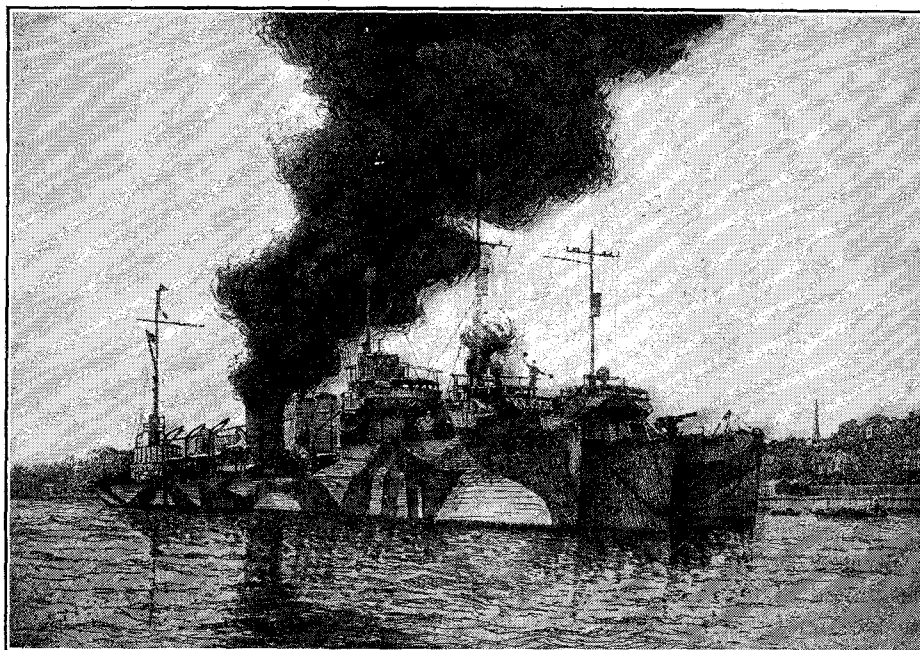
at the London Conference. In view of the evident desire of the Japanese government to make the Conference a success and in view of its eagerness to reduce its military expenses—these now take a greater percentage of the government income of Japan than of any other country—it is more than likely that a satisfactory compromise will be reached.

There appears therefore to be no factor in the relations between the United States and

Great Britain, the United States and Japan or Great Britain and Japan which would prevent an amicable agreement covering the navies of these three powers. If the results of the London Conference are disappointing, it will be because of some irreconcilable differences of opinion between Great Britain and France, Great Britain and Italy or France and Italy. The fact that such differences are possible has given rise to the suggestion that if the five powers fail to agree at London, Great Britain, Japan and the United States might make a three-power agreement as we tried to do at Geneva.

This suggestion has aroused sharp criticism in England because of the relations between that country and the

(Please Turn to Page 160)



Courtesy Harlow, McDonald & Co.

U. S. DESTROYERS AT QUEENSTOWN
An etching by Burnell Poole

in Japan. If the United States is to have twenty-one of these 10,000-ton cruisers, Japan should have a sufficient number of the same type to give her the desired sense of security. This her naval experts tell her she would not have if she accepts a 5:3 ratio for such vessels. But, from the depth of their wisdom, they tell her she would be secure if the cruiser ratio were 10:7. It probably requires some very close figuring for the technicians to prove to their own satisfaction that if twenty-one American cruisers started out to harry the coasts of Japan, her people might sleep in peace if they had fifteen cruisers but would be in mortal danger if they had only thirteen.

It may be granted in any case that the Japanese would be "more secure"

Our Booming Beauty Business

By PAUL W. WHITE

Ambitious youth in search of a profitable career might consider the high art of the beautician, or cosmetologist, and thus cut in on a share of the tidy sum that the American woman spends each year for creams, lotions, massages and permanent waves. Mr. White is a member of the staff of the United Press

THE AVERAGE American woman has sixteen square feet of skin. Her dissatisfaction with it—or at least with that portion she exposes to the public gaze—accounts for the expenditure in one year of at least \$2,000,000,000. This enormous cosmetics bill is in excess of the amount spent for millinery, dresses and jewelry over the same period. Moreover, it surpasses the total budgets of half a dozen states. It represents more than one thousand times the sum spent by the Government on gunpowder and ammunition in a peace-time year. And when editorial writers begin to compare the costs of beauty with the costs of education, they weep public-spirited tears and call on heaven to witness the wretched vanity of Eve's daughters.

Such an attitude is, of course, ridiculous. American women are not yet spending even one-fifth of the amount necessary to improve their appearance. I quote from a public utterance of Elizabeth H. Myers, an accredited member of the Association of Hairdressers and Cosmetologists:

"At least \$307 must be spent by every woman every year to keep fit. Women do not realize how important it is to keep fit, nor how much that amount will help them in doing it. Here is an itemized list of the annual beauty needs of every woman: 2 permanent waves, \$20.00; 26 shampoos, \$26.00; 26 special rinses, \$13.00; 26 hair cuts, \$13.00; 12 hot oil treatments, \$18.00; 52 facials, \$130.00; 26 eyebrow plucks, \$13.00; 8 eyebrow dyes, \$12.00; 26 manicures, \$19.50; 4 lipsticks, \$4.00; rouge, \$10.00; 4 jars cleansing cream, \$5.00; 4 jars tissue cream, \$5.00; 3 jars skin food, \$3.75; 3 jars muscle oil, \$3.00; 4 bottles astringent, \$6.00; 3 boxes powder, \$6.00—total, \$307.25."

By simple arithmetic if we decide that thirty million women (the other thirty million are either too young or too old to want to be beautiful) are to spend this sum annually the total will exceed nine billion dollars. And surely if the value of soap and beauty preparations bought at drug stores, department stores and grocery stores be included the ten billion mark will be reached with ease. With that figure as a goal

the hairdressers, masseurs, cosmeticians, beauty specialists, cosmetologists, beauticians, coiffeurs, manicurists, and just plain barbers have their jobs cut out for them. With thirty million faces to massage, thirty million heads of hair to wash, wave and trim, and three hundred million fingernails to shape and polish, toil is ahead—but so are profits!

The industry is organizing for inevitable growth. Its high priests already are able to toss off statistics with the fluency of a sub-division realtor. In one year, we learn, American women use 4,000 tons of powder and enough lipsticks to reach from Chicago to Los Angeles by way of San Francisco. Likewise there are consumed 52,500 tons of cleansing cream, 26,250 tons of skin lotion, 19,109 tons of complexion soap, 17,500 tons of nourishing cream, 8,750 tons of foundation cream, 6,562 tons of bath powder and 2,375 tons of rouge.

Let no one think that this urge for beauty is merely a concomitant of the modern era of woman's freedom. Archaeologists, excavating the ancient Sumerian city of Kish, possibly the world's first civilization so far unearthed, found elaborate evidence that the women rouged, beaded their eyelashes, manicured their fingers and wore ornamented coiffures. It must be admitted, however, that never before in American civilization have the women had as much money to spend as they have today and, accordingly, they are the better able to invest some of their earnings in the beauty shops. For office workers this is due not only to a natural feminine pride but to the realization that youth, or the appearance of it, is a distinct asset and that the grime and dirt encountered in this man's world is not designed to enhance the beauty of that schoolgirl complexion.

So that the industry may expand, those twin gods of contemporary business—advertising and publicity—have

been called upon and appropriate financial sacrifices burned before them. Thus the \$16,121,297 spent for the national advertising of beauty preparations in 1928 made the cosmetic industry the third largest in volume of magazine advertising. In newspaper advertising

cosmetics dropped to fifth place, the four leaders being automobiles, groceries, medicines, and tobacco.

It is not at all unusual for one magazine of wide circulation to house advertisements for as many as sixty brands of toilet goods. These nationally advertised products sell for from one to twenty-five dollars, and certain of the very exclusive creams are considered bargains at one or two hundred dollars a jar by the eager women who seek youth in them. The jar itself, in fact, is a most important item and the wily manufacturers have outdone themselves in luscious containers. Opaque green glass with silver labels, chaste crystal with silver tops, exotic orchid and black combinations—these and many others grace the dressing tables of the women who are willing to pay for them.

Another important selling point in beauty aids is the use of captivating names. Glancing through one catalogue alone, I find such titles as "Camellia Cream," "Special Texture," "Persian Muscle Oil," "Violet Astringent," "Astringent Cerate," "Vah-Dah Eye Cream," "Mist of Dawn Face Powder," and "Poudre des Perles." Surely here is allure. This catalogue, incidentally, lists no less than sixty-eight beauty "necessities" with prices ranging from forty cents (for cleaning tissue) to \$22.50 for a large bottle of astringent. One brand of beauty cream, imported from Germany, and exploited as "a triumph in the mysterious realm of the endocrines," is priced at twenty-five dollars for a few ounces. It comes in a fascinating urn which only the most determined woman could resist.

That there are vast profits in cosmetics is obvious. To cite only one product let us consider the case of cold cream, which more Latinly may be described as "unguentum aquae rosae." The U. S. P. formula for 1,000 grams

of this substance follows: White wax, 120; oil of almond, 560; spermaceti, 125; stronger rose water, 190; sodium borate in fine powder, 5.

A druggist informs me that if he were to prepare one ounce of cold cream from this formula the cost to him would be not more than eight cents. His price to the consumer would be twenty-five cents. The same druggist has on his shelves advertised brands of cold cream for as high as \$1.25 an ounce. These doubtless contain the basic ingredients listed above, although it must be admitted the more expensive creams are perfumed with scents finer and rarer than rose water.

As for publicity, let me quote only a few examples of the type of reading matter daily reaching the editorial desks of newspapers throughout the country. For instance—

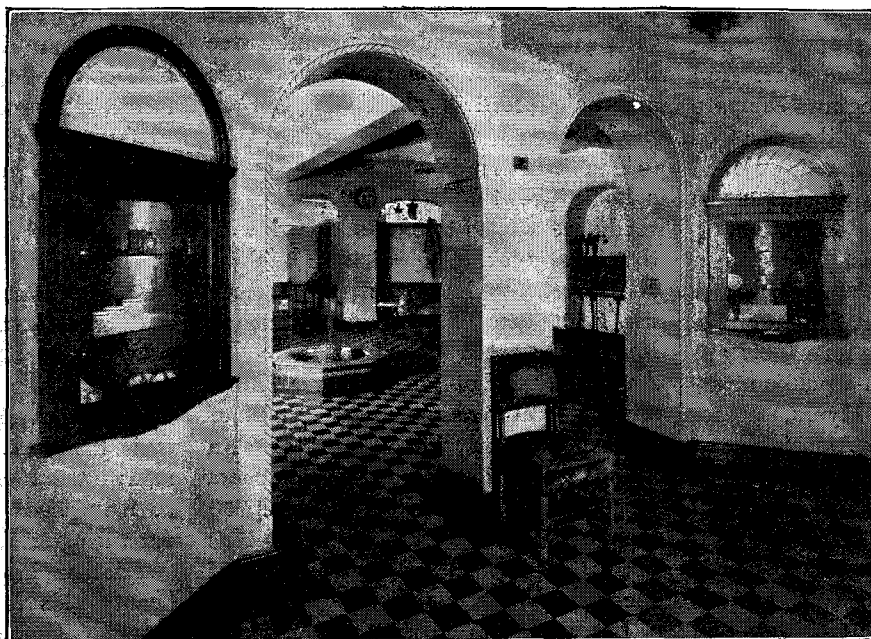
"The whole world has gone to work to beautify the American woman. France is growing roses, Asia sending musk, England lavender, and Italy iris and bergamot. All are brought on ships to New York where manufacturers compound the fragrant, beautiful raw materials into rouge, lipstick, powders and perfumes. The finished products are then redistributed by train and shipped to all parts of America and other countries." Or—

"Made-in-America complexions, including the popular gypsy tan, are to be introduced on Calle Florida, the famous promenade of Buenos Ayres, at the Montevideo Casino, the Monte Carlo of the Western World, and at other show places in South America. Growing beauty consciousness in the sub-equatorial climes, due partly to the influence of tourists returning from Paris and New York and partly to the increased standards of luxury attained by South American women, is responsible for a new demand for aids to Venus's art. Until recently, the Argentine señorita's face, framed by the fleecy mantilla, has been unadorned by such accessories."

Another example of such publicity—

"Are you a Heliophobe?"

"If you are, don't let the sun get you. Its rays may cause you serious trouble. Perhaps you take pride in a peaches and cream bloneness which broadcasts to a palpitating world that you have 'it.' You may count yourself luckier than your brunette brethren. But are you? Most Heliophobes are blondes. Eminent skin specialists and famous doctors, while approving the sun-tan craze that has swept the country and is materially benefiting the human race's health, are issuing a warning to Heliophobes. 'Don't over-expose yourself to the sunlight!' they caution."



Courtesy Marie Earle

In such surroundings women spend hours being creamed and patted, oiled and iced

If you read further into these elegant essays, you will find that they mention, respectively, a perfumer in New York, a celebrated beauty specialist who in addition to invading South America has a syndicated column appearing in close to 200 newspapers, and a yeast manufacturing concern.

Another kind of advertising is the show-room type best exemplified by a group of the better known New York beauty specialists who within recent years have moved into sumptuous quarters on or near Fifth Avenue. Movie theatres have been likened in gorgeous verbiage to cathedrals but the display of these salons leaves me wordless. Not so, however, a member of the staff of *The Beauty Shop News*. In part, he describes the quarters of one of the newer establishments as follows:

"The 'Boutique Empire' motif characteristic of the exquisite 'Little Shops'

of Paris in the days of the First Empire, . . . is retained throughout. From the street the visitor steps first into a foyer in which a large wall-hanging of blue and silver, patterned in a small flower design gives color to cool gray walls and leads the eye harmoniously to the bronze framework of the door leading to the salon itself.

"The atmosphere of the salon is artistically Gallic in its effect. Touches of rose, blue, green and gold are used throughout, set off against neutral tones of ivory and gray. The furniture is in Empire style with frames of gray-green deftly accentuated with old-gold and in varied upholsterings of toile de joie in a dominant blue pattern, mulberry silk in an Empire design of silver and blue silk figured with vari-colored flowers.

"The wall treatment is particularly noteworthy. To the left of the entrance is a large alcoved mirror in unique checker-board of mirror squares alternating with patterned frosted glass, against which is set an unusual treatment of two preening peacocks. To the right are two wall paintings by Larsson-Bernath showing two

garden scenes of the French school, treated in predominant shades of soft blue which makes them an integral part of the color harmony of the whole interior."

In such surroundings as these women spend hours each week being creamed and patted, oiled and iced. Undergoing a facial massage she relaxes for an hour or two under the expert hands of the operator who smooths on a cleansing cream; wipes it off with damp pads of cotton; manipulates a nourishing cream or a muscle oil into the skin and, in turn, removes this in the same way. Various astringents and stimulants are used after the cream, and an ice massage often completes the treatment. Completes it, that is, except for the final details of eyebrow shaping, foundation cream, powder, rouge, lipstick, eye-shadow, and mascaro.

The hands, arms and neck receive

similar attention and the care of the hair is the occasion for another visit. The monthly bills for the habitués of such salons often run into hundreds of dollars. In one salon on Fifth Avenue, a facial is \$3.50; a combination facial and eye treatment, \$5.00; special eye treatment (youth restoring), \$3.00; blackhead treatment, \$5.00; bleach, \$5.00; herb pack treatment, \$5.00; special stimulating treatment, \$10.00; muscle stimulating treatment, \$10.00; arm treatment, \$3.00; hair and scalp treatment, \$3.00; shampoo, \$1.50; and hot oil shampoo, \$3.00. When you consider that there are some women who pay four and five visits weekly, it is not difficult to understand why it is possible for the shops to carry out a "Boutique Empire" motif with preening peacocks in front of "a unique checker-board of mirror squares."

There are in this country nearly 40,000 beauty shops employing 75,000 men and women, not including those barber shops which cater to women and men. The proprietors of these shops see their customers going to druggists and to toilet goods departments in the larger stores for their supplies and are convinced that something should be done to bring such trade into their own shops. Thus they have organized and created such bodies as The American Master Hairdressers Association, The National Hairdressers and Cosmetologists Association, The National Association of Cosmeticians and Hair Artists, and The American Hairdressers Association.

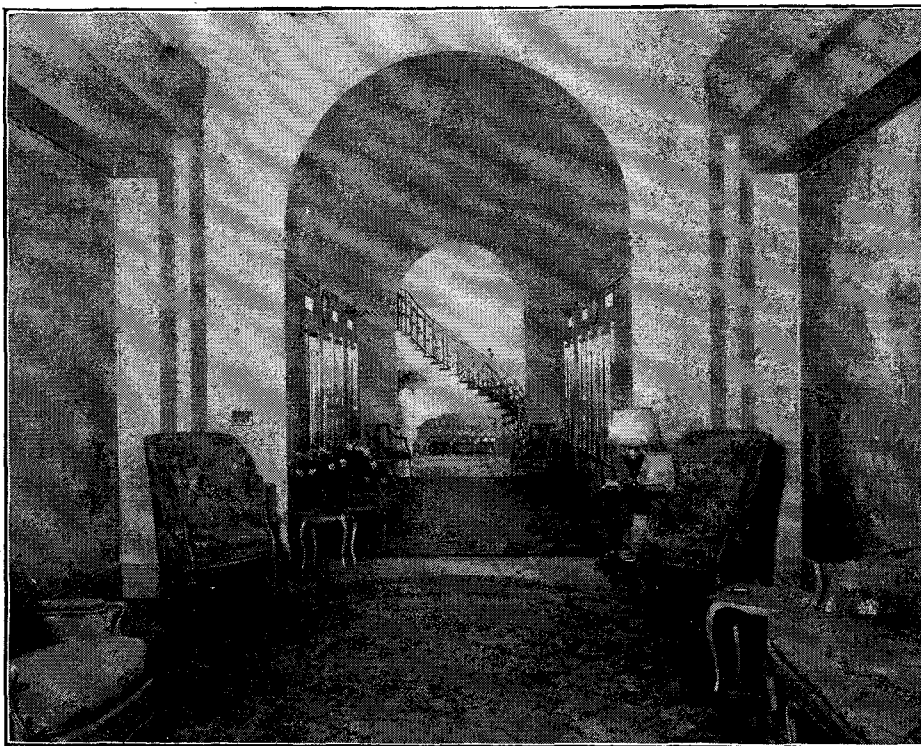
The aims and ideals of The National Association of Cosmeticians and Hair Artists as set forth in a manifesto are:

"To promote uniform legislation. To bring about a higher standard of skill and education. To educate the public and the members of the profession as to the scope and possibilities of high class service. To cultivate a

friendly and co-operative spirit among all engaged in this work. To provide methods for carrying on and systematizing the business of the membership of the Association. To promote interest in and exchange ideas for the advancement of the profession.

"We believe that education is necessary if our profession is to win the position it is entitled to. The cosmetician and hair artist of the future must be efficient and thoroughly trained in all branches of the work . . .

"The future will demand greater effort, more self-sacrifice, boundless enthusiasm and tireless energy if the high standard of our work is to be main-



Courtesy Dorothy Gray

The better known New York beauty specialists have sumptuous quarters on or near Fifth Avenue

tained."

This get-together spirit manifests itself in frequent conventions, exhibitions and the like. At one of these gatherings, the agenda consisted of contests in permanent, finger and marcel waving; "educational events"—free lessons in various branches of the art (or shall we cling to "profession?"); exhibits of new machines, new methods, and new ideas, and an entertainment program of music, dancing and banqueting. Since it is obviously impossible for all the beauty shop employees to attend these conventions, leaving behind a distressed public clamoring at barred doors, there are published such trade journals as *The Western Beauty Shop*, *The Southern Beauty Shop*, *The National Beauty*

Shop, *Beauty Culture*, *The American Hairdresser*, *The Modern Beauty Shop*, *The Beautician*, *Beauty Shop News*, and *The Beauty Journal*. From the pages of these journals, even the stay-at-homes can keep in touch with the latest and most important events in the world of beauty and cosmetics.

The index of one issue of *The Beautician* reveals that the following articles are to be had for the mere turning of the pages: "Coiffure, Complexion, Costume Blend," "Now the Baby Permanent," "The Coiffure Joins the Ensemble," "Beauty Survey Shows Business Trend," "The Sun-Tan Miracle," "The Hair Tells a Story," "Handsome Does as Handsome Is," "This Month's Ten Dollar Idea," "Things New and Noteworthy," and "Match the Mood with Perfume." In addition there is a counter and window display department. There are plentiful illustrations and a full quota of advertising.

This article would hardly be complete without consideration of the oft-debated questions as to whether so-called beauty aids really beautify and whether they are often harmful. From time to time

there appear newspaper headlines such as "Poison May Lurk In Lipstick Kiss, Health Chief Warns In Beauty War." Then, too, a dermatologist of such repute as Dr. Charles F. Pabst, skin expert of the Greenpoint Hospital, Brooklyn, earns much attention by his statement to the effect that "the American woman treats her skin as if it were a doormat." Dr. Pabst is also on record as having stated that "many women put chemicals on their faces that would remove the paint from a barn door." Surely if such allegations are generally true, American women are not only the eager victims of a gigantic hoax but are palpable fools. A letter to me, however, from William

(Please Turn to Page 157)

➤➤ The Trend of Events ➤➤

➤➤ The Shearer Inquiry

THAT "AMAZING" secret British document uncovered by William B. Shearer, naval propagandist, turns out to be a mere joke. S. K. Ratcliffe, English author, revealed this as long ago as last October. Now it is convincingly reiterated by an American, Dr. William J. Maloney of New York City. Mr. Maloney ought to know; he wrote it.

In 1919, he declares, he became annoyed at British propaganda in the United States as conducted by Lord Northcliffe. In particular he objected to Northcliffe's boasting about his efforts to put the United States in the League of Nations, a course which Dr. Maloney opposed. As a move against both Northcliffe and the League, he wrote a satire purporting to be a report to Lloyd George from a British propagandist in the United States. It describes the progress of the work of transforming "quickly and cheaply an ordinarily hostile American into a colonist amenable to His Majesty's pleasure." It is said that about half a million copies were sold at a price of five or ten cents each. "There was no secret made about it," says Dr. Maloney, "excepting that I did not sign it. . . . I never knew of anybody taking it seriously."

Having heard this testimony, the Senate investigating committee adjourned. Evidently its inquiry is over, and it seems to be over too soon. The task before the committee was to determine Mr. Shearer's relations with American shipbuilders and with American naval officers. Has it done so? Its report will tell. Senator Allen, one of the committeemen, declares that certain American shipbuilders "wanted the Geneva conference to fail; they wanted a large shipbuilding program launched, and they had certain friends in the admiralities of both the United States and Great Britain whose natural sympathies were along the same line." Which shipbuilders wanted the Geneva conference to fail, and which naval officers? Precisely what part did Mr. Shearer play in these plans? Senator Allen's statement is much too vague. Unless the committee's report is more specific, unless it gets down to cases and tells us both how the wheels went round and why,

it cannot be considered satisfactory. The committee will have left half its job undone.

➤➤ Greek vs. Roman Sports

NOT LONG AGO, President Day of Union College appealed to the great universities to lead in restoring athletics to their proper sphere. President Lowell of Harvard now calmly proposes that intercollegiate competition in each sport be confined to one meet a year. He does not discuss the specific reforms advocated by President Day, but strikes at fundamentals by urging that the Greek



Wide World
SPEAKS OF SPORT
President Lowell of Harvard against over-emphasis on intercollegiate games

ideal of benefiting the player displace the Roman ideal of pleasing the crowd.

He has no doubt that "the vast majority of alumni" would "undoubtedly, if presented with the alternative, approve of the Greek rather than the Roman attitude in our colleges." But would they? The forces which have professionalized college football are powerful and numerous. Students, for the most part, still regard the game as the college's most important activity. Alumni overwhelmingly demand winning teams. Faculties and trustees expect football to support other games and to inspire the alumni and the public to underwrite purely academic endeavors. The daily press has found football a circulation builder comparable to murder trials and presidential elections. Final-

ly the American public takes a Roman rather than a Greek attitude toward sports, and college football is one of its favorites.

Signs of revolt are none the less apparent. President Lowell is not the only one to note a changing sentiment among students. The report of the Carnegie Foundation should have jarred even the most juvenile alumnus who troubled to read it. College authorities grow increasingly dissatisfied with a situation which compromises their principles. President Lowell virtually admits that Harvard made a mistake when it erected the country's first mammoth football stadium. Finally, Yale, Harvard, and Princeton have agreed to bar professional coaches from the benches during the Spring baseball series.

To be effective, drastic reforms must be instituted by influential colleges. Harvard might well be the first to adhere to the program of firing professional coaches, expelling subsidized athletes, eliminating gate receipts, canceling intersectional games, and letting paying crowds look elsewhere than to the colleges for their fun on Saturday afternoons.

➤➤ Sex Questionnaire

A COMMITTEE appointed by the American Association of University Professors, having investigated the circulation of a sex questionnaire at the University of Missouri last year, has returned a spirited report. Drawn up by four students, the questionnaire was approved by two professors. One copy was distributed among men students, another among women. Its queries, most of them innocuous, were to be answered anonymously. About two hundred replies had been received when the Board of Curators, scandalized, discharged one of the professors and suspended the second. The committee finds that the infliction of this penalty for "this alleged 'offense' (trivial, if any) is. . . a clear breach of the principles of freedom of teaching and research and security of tenure in the university."

Despite the fears of the Curators, the questionnaire probably had no ill effects on student morals. Moreover, it is wise for the committee to stress the ideal of freedom of teaching and research.

Finally, the punishment, blackening the reputations of two well-meaning and honorable men, does seem harsh. Nevertheless, the case staunchly refuses to become another such *cause célèbre* as that which arose when the Federal Government banned Mary Ware Dennett's dignified and accurate sex pamphlet from the mails. This time there is too much amiss with both the defendants and their unscientific product.

What point is there in asking the average University of Missouri co-ed whether she would "quit associating with an unmarried woman on learning that she had at some time engaged in sexual irregularities"? How can she tell? And who would take any stock in her answer? How can she be expected to reply honestly to the question, "Since sexual maturity, have you ever engaged in specific sexual relations?" What streak of idealism prevented the professors from foreseeing the number of sniggering conferences these and similar queries would convoke in dormitory rooms? Doubtless girls of college age should be healthy-minded enough to discuss such a questionnaire candidly, or, better still, casually disregard it as an intrusive bore. Someday, perhaps, they will be, but they certainly are not today. The penalized professors seem to realize that as little as they realize the uselessness and the tactlessness of their investigation.

➤➤ Ambassador to Berlin

SELF-MADE PUBLIC UTILITIES magnate, Fred M. Sackett of Kentucky had scarcely settled himself in the Senate before a shadow darkened his outlook. Healthy, wealthy, and wise, he had hoped to remain in Washington indefinitely. Yet ever as he twiddled his fingers and answered "Aye" or "Nay" there was that shade cast by the senatorial ambitions of Representative John M. Robsion, aggressive organization worker, smart politician, and native son.

With Governor Clem D. Sampson supporting him, Robsion prepared to contest for the Senator's place next fall. Mr. Sackett was worried, and said as much. Though he did not relish a fight or possible defeat, he could hardly run away. The Kentucky Republican organization, therefore, was developing another of those historic rows which usually end in Democratic victories.

In such a situation President Hoover saw cause for concern. The Blue Grass feud jeopardized his paper margin in a

Senate already controlled by Democrats and "sons of the wild jackass." Supposedly on the advice of Chairman Huston of the Republican National Committee, Mr. Hoover moved quickly. To Mr. Sackett's surprise and amid the lamentations of his friends, he was named Ambassador to Germany. Thus domestic rather than foreign politics accounts for the elevation of a second-rate Senator to a first-rate ambassadorship.

As was expected Governor Sampson immediately gratified Robsion's ambition by naming him as Sackett's successor. Sackett supporters, who had made plans—and enemies—in the expectation that



Harris & Ewing

GOES TO GERMANY

Fred M. Sackett of Kentucky appointed Ambassador to Berlin

he would lead them into battle, may grumble a bit, but the White House looks for harmony and the Ambassador to Germany, reading dispatches from America to Berlin next November, may discover that absence sometimes makes the party stronger.

Senate Republicans had just completed their committee assignments after months of squabbling and manoeuvring to keep Senator La Follette off the important Finance Committee when they heard of the Sackett appointment. The announcement disarranged their plans. Worse, by creating a second vacancy on the committee—Senator Edge's departure for Paris made the first—it opened the committee door to the Progressive from Wisconsin. Even a president, however, cannot expect perfection of his diplomacy or diplomats.

➤➤ Facing 'Round

BECAUSE OF book and other censorship laws and their absurdly zealous enforcement, Boston, and Massachusetts as a whole, have lately come in for a good many well-deserved jibes. Acute observers now begin to detect sounds of revolt; to see signs that Boston would like to discard its austere Puritan dress and get back into its pre-Revolutionary Indian suit. The fight to change the Massachusetts book law is more determined than ever before. There have been important resignations from the Watch and Ward Society. Moreover, Boston seems genuinely up in arms over prohibition.

If Massachusetts is the cradle of liberty, and Boston, as a patriotic Yankee once put it, is "the cradle of our cradle," then Faneuil Hall is the cradle of that. The fact, then, that the Liberal Civic League chose Faneuil Hall for its meeting to protest against the Black Duck shooting was enough to bring out all the old paintings and engravings of the Boston Tea Party, to recall that the Bay State is the traditional home of protesting patriots, and to set New England wets cheering in the names of the Minute Men and Paul Revere.

It is an open secret that the Massachusetts enforcement (Baby Volstead) act is likely to be defeated this fall by popular referendum. Moreover, Boston citizens, it is said, are planning a parade—an historical parade representing a protest against prohibition. Floats will depict those events of Colonial Days for which Boston is famous. Floats will also depict modern things, such as the shattered Black Duck and the I'm Alone. With these activities, and with more meetings, including one to offer prayers for the 1,359 men said to have been killed in dry warfare, Boston ushers in a lively 1930.

In chalking up the Bay State's liabilities, let us not forget its assets. Let us not forget that in 1928 the voters of Massachusetts came out overwhelmingly for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

➤➤ The Poison Plan

IT IS EASY to imagine what Boston will think of the Government's plan to increase the deadliness of industrial alcohol. It is quite as easy to imagine what the rest of the country will think of it. Only extreme drys favor proposals to enforce total abstinence by threatening drinkers with death.

Hitherto, two gallons of gasoline have been added to each hundred gallons of ethyl alcohol. Bootleggers have cooked out the motor fuel and converted the remainder into synthetic gin. Soon, therefore, if news reports are reliable, the gasoline is to be displaced by denatured wood alcohol. Four gallons will be used to each hundred gallons of ethyl alcohol, the mixture will be richened with refined fusel oil or some such addition, and served. If the plan goes through, there will almost certainly be an angry outburst as soon as the public discovers what is going on. Bungling bootleggers will not succeed in removing all traces of wood alcohol from their concoctions, and wood alcohol causes blindness and death.

This, of course, is on all fours with a plan to prevent violations of the speed limit by setting in the roadway devices which would tip over too-fast cars and kill the passengers. It is, in point of fact, an even more flagrant proposal than that, for the speed fiend does break a law, while there is nothing to show that the liquor buyer breaks any law whatever. Somehow the suspicion persists that the Government's new poison plan will falter and die along the route to realization. If it does not, it is unlikely to last long after the first few casualties. Yet the mere fact that Washington can seriously consider this plan indicates how warped many mentalities have be-

come over the enforcement of a law that is, after all, relatively unimportant.

►►The Naval Conference

PRESIDENT HOOVER expects the London naval conference to last three or four months. If it does, that length of time must elapse before it is possible to weigh its results. It may succeed, like the Washington Conference of 1921; or fail, like the Geneva Conference of 1927. No conference has been more thoroughly prepared for—this one traces back to Hugh Gibson's speech before a League of Nations commission in April, 1929—and few have faced gloomier vistas.

All during the preliminary negotiations, while Ambassador Dawes dashed spectacularly about England, the public was encouraged to hope for radical reductions in naval armaments. Premier MacDonald's trip to Washington to celebrate the tentative Anglo-American accord raised expectations to the clouds. But as the date of the conference approached, realities brought disenchantment. A week before the meeting, optimism had hit a new low.

There are no important differences between Britain and the United States. The latter demands parity; the former concedes it. But Britain will not reduce her navy unless France reduces hers, and, whether temporarily or per-

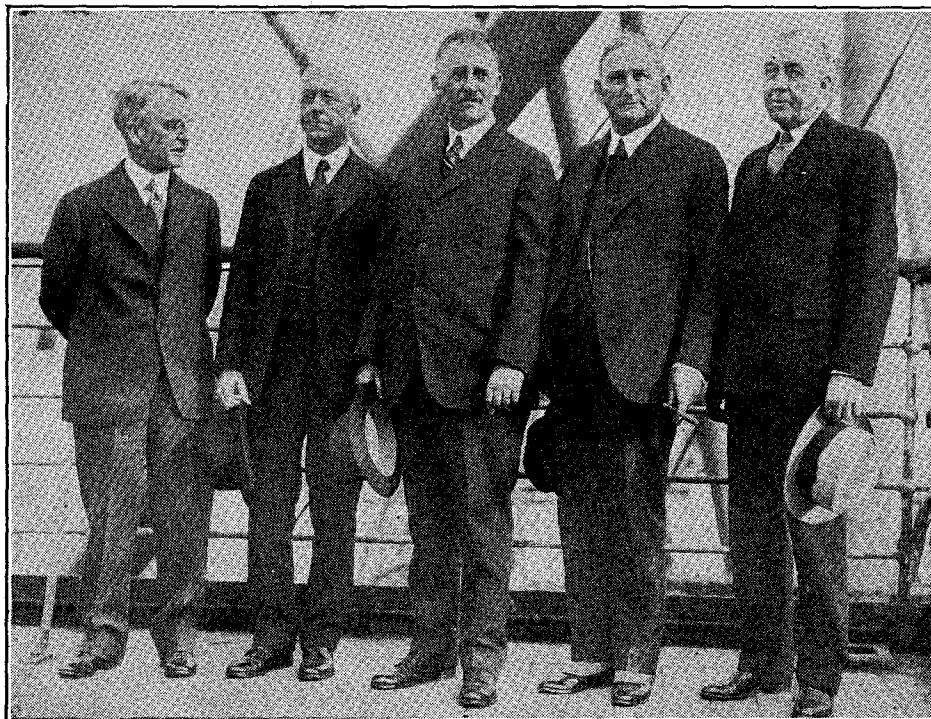
manently, France is holding out.

Under the 5-5-3-1.67-1.67 battleship ratio fixed at the Washington Conference for Britain, America, Japan, France, and Italy, France accepted a dreadnaught fleet a third as large as either the British fleet or the American. She refuses to accept any such rating in auxiliary ships—cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and so on. She balks at permitting Britain a navy as large as the French and the Italian together. With revived imperial ambitions, with grudges against both Britain and the United States, with an overflowing treasury, she seems disinclined to reduce her armaments without receiving political assurances of greater security. Hence she asks for more teeth in the Kellogg pact and for a treaty of non-aggression among powers with interests in the Mediterranean. As long as she stays in this mood, the conference is likely to remain at a standstill.

Possibly the delegates can at least agree to postpone replacement of existing battleships, especially since battleships are expensive and of steadily decreasing value. The present agreement limiting the number of dreadnaughts expires in 1931. Now would be as good a time as any to extend it. Yet the real object of this conference is not to limit battleships, but to limit and reduce auxiliary ships. It is well to bear this in mind. Should the conference fail in its real purpose, unjustified stress might be laid on any agreement reached on battleships. After the publicity the disarmament project has received, such an attempt at face-saving would be quite as natural as it would be unconvincing and futile.

►►Aerial Reporting

ONE INTERESTING fact emerged from the naval conference even before the delegates drew up their chairs. That is the increasing potentialities of the radio in news reporting. The ship which carried our delegates to England also carried William Hard and F. W. Wile, journalists. Mr. Hard, a Washington newspaper man, has been chosen by the National Broadcasting Company and the British Broadcasting Company to present the story of the conference to British and American listeners. Mr. Wile, also a veteran journalist, will report developments in a series of weekly broadcasts sent out by the Columbia Broadcasting System. To capture pub-



Acme

OVER THERE

Arms delegates Dwight W. Morrow, Charles Francis Adams, Henry L. Stimson, Joseph T. Robinson, David A. Reed

lic interest at the outset, ten microphones were installed in the House of Lords, to broadcast the opening of the



Underwood

RADIO REPORTER
Frederic William Wile to broadcast developments at London conference

parley on January 21, so that, static permitting, Americans rising early enough might be able to hear King George's opening address and speeches by Premier MacDonald and other delegates.

Reporting current affairs by radio is no novelty. Americans have become accustomed to it; in Russia, village market-places have their loud-speakers before which peasants gather to hear the news of the day. Linked with the proposed chain of newsreel theatres in the United States, however, and with promises of television, each new development of the radio in the field of current events brings up the question, "What of the newspapers? Will radio and the talkies someday combine to displace them?"

Not in the near future, certainly. At present newsreel and radio seem to quicken popular interest in national and world affairs and make the public turn more eagerly to the papers. Sight and sound reporting is not yet sufficiently complete or well-organized to compete with the daily press; it adds the spice of reality to, but does not begin to replace, the printed page. It may never do so wholly, varieties of news and of public taste being as diversified as they are. Yet it is not difficult to imagine the reporter of tomorrow taking a microphone instead of a pencil when he

dashes out to cover a fire. And not impossible to imagine the family gathered around the television screen in the evening to see and hear summaries of the day's happenings.

►► Theatre Reform

WHAT WITH ONE THING and another, these are lean times at theatre box-offices—lean enough, in fact, to bring a righteous stir of reform. New York theatre managers have met and agreed that if the public were gouged less it would buy more; they have also agreed that in the long run the gouging profits neither the brokers nor the managers and producers. An anti-gouge pact, supported by most ticket brokers and all but two managers, has therefore been drawn up, to go into effect March 1.

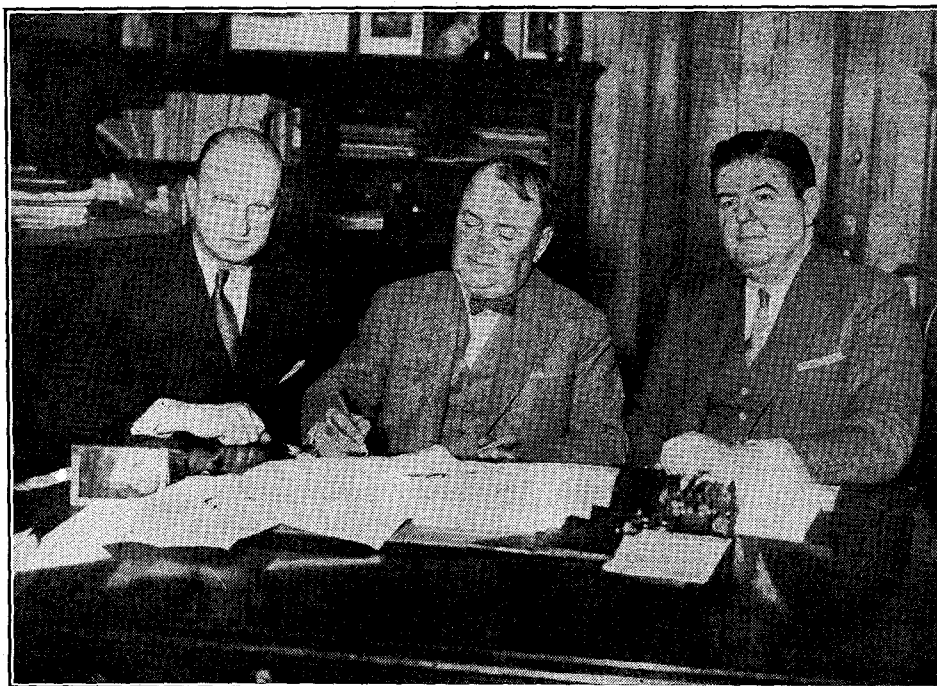
This pact abolishes the practice of selling blocks of tickets outright to brokers who, having cornered the market, can and do charge all the traffic will bear. A substantial number of good tickets are to be kept at box-offices; managers are to retain ownership of all tickets and permit agents to charge no more than seventy-five cents in excess of box-office prices. Away with "gyp" brokers who not uncommonly hold tickets to big successes for a ransom of \$10 or more each. The pact even has teeth in it. A managers' bureau is to police both ticket agencies and managers' offices. If a broker vio-

lates the agreement, all theatres will withdraw their tickets from him. If a manager violates it, his tickets will be removed from all bonded agencies.

Did the agreement include all theatres instead of fifty-eight of the sixty-four on Broadway, it would seem destined for fewer snags. Even so, it is decidedly worth trying. Life being, as it is, a series of variations on the theme "How much?" it is likely that the chief trouble with the theatre is that people attend irregularly because they cannot afford to attend regularly. When a smash hit appears, they go to agencies and part with sums which would have admitted them to three normally-priced shows. Or, if intrepid enough to face a bored and pitying attendant, and lucky enough to find anything for sale, they buy tickets at the box office, at prices, may we add, that might do with a good deal of paring, now the managers are about it. The rest of the time they patronize the corner talkie—thirty-five cents, better than staying at home, and, if you don't expect too much, not half bad.

►► 100-Ring Circus

"MARSHAL FOCH, Gustav Stresemann, and Georges Clemenceau are seen while they deliver characteristic speeches. . . . Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh, in flying suits, climb into a two-seater at Curtiss Field and hop off on a cross-country flight. . . . B. H. Bowles, at Point Loma,



Wide World

SCALPING SCALPERS

Brock Pemberton, Arthur Hopkins, and Gilbert Miller move against ticket speculation

Cal., hangs up a new American flight record for a motorless plane. . . . Aga Khan takes an ex-seamstress as his bride in Aix-les-Bains. . . . Moulai Mohammed, the boy Sultan of Morocco, is hauled to the Sabat Mosque. . . . Dr. Adolph Lorenz, the bloodless surgeon, discusses his work with his son in their Viennese garden. . . . Dover and Folkstone are lashed by terrific gales. . . . Peace reigns again in Jerusalem, Jew and Arab walking together through Damascus Gate. . . . Patrolman Peter Franchini, who, while rescuing a man, struggled in the ice-cold waters of the East River for an hour and twenty minutes before help came, tells of his grueling experience. . . . Health Commissioner Shirley Wynne bemoans bad liquor and warns against its use. . . . Three thousand youngsters sing hymns in Rome, and several Hawaiians chant native songs on the Kona coast. . . . Street customs in Casablanca are revealed. . . . Society whirls in figure eights during an ice carnival. . . . Greenleaf regains the world's pocket billiard championship. . . . 'Sloppy Joe's' bar at Havana is overrun with tourists. . . . A thirty-nine foot model of the S. S. Columbus chugs about New York Harbor. . . . Jack Johnson spars before a jazz band. . . . Native African Zambarsa prints are adapted to the feminine form in a fashion show. . . . Horace Liveright proves chorus girls as smart as Hunter College students by an intelligence test."

So? Where? According to this review in the *New York Times*, at New York's Newsreel Theatre, the first in the country. Study this voluptuously varied, this strange and gaudy, this twenty-five-cent and hour-long show. Study it, ponder, and understand why—in these days of standardized bed sheets, uniform traffic regulations, time clocks, and five-fifteens to checkerboard suburbias—theatres showing nothing but newsreels will soon be flourishing in every city in the country.

➤➤ Marriage à la Mode

"A unique 'experimental marriage' contract, signed at Souderton, Pa., reads: 'I, William Kenneth Moyer of Chicago, and I, Ethel Olyette Amelia Oen of Sun Prairie, do hereby agree to marry for the deliberate purpose of creating a child. If at the end of two years we have failed in our purpose, it shall be the privilege of either one to apply for an absolute divorce without consulting the other. In witness whereof we affix our hand and seal.'—News dispatch from Philadelphia.

"FATHER, what does it mean to get married?"

"It means to get your picture in the paper, my child. People wish to get

their pictures in the paper so that they may feel like important and extraordinary people."

"How is it done, father?"

"There are many ways. If you are a person of wealth, of prominence, or of social position, newspapers send fleet and daring photographers to the scene of your marriage. These men perch cameras perilously on top of



Wide World

TO MULTIPLY OR DIVIDE

Mr. and Mrs. William Moyer who have signed unusual marriage contract

telephone poles, in underground passages, or inside their vest pockets. Mostly, though, they perch them in plain view. Entering and leaving the church, you pause so that lenses may click; you are then surprised and amused next day to see your picture in all the papers."

"But suppose the newspapers decide not to send photographers, father?"

"Then, my child, you must be married by radio, during a dance marathon or a fox hunt, or in an airplane. If some one already has been married in an airplane, you must make a para-

chute jump immediately after the ceremony. Or, you may be married on the stage, during a vaudeville performance, or in a lion's cage. . . ."

"But—"

"Hold on, my child. You may tell reporters that after marriage you and your wife will occupy separate apartments, seeing each other only by appointment. Or that your marriage is 'companionate,' meaning that you will have no children until you decide whether you wish to remain married. You may announce that your marriage is 'experimental,' meaning that if there are no children it may be dissolved."

"But, father, are there no other ways, no easier ways, of getting your picture in the paper?"

"Plenty of other ways, my child. No easier ways."

➤➤ Killing a Killer

IT IS AN OLD STORY, that of the man who runs the motor of his car in a closed garage, falls asleep, and becomes the main participant at a funeral. Everybody knows the dangers of carbon monoxide, yet the newspapers daily chronicle the deaths of the absent-minded. To cure humanity of this kind of absent-mindedness by curing the car of carbon monoxide is the new project of the well-known chemist, Professor J. C. W. Frazer of Johns Hopkins.

Professor Frazer's method is to marry carbon monoxide and oxygen, with what chemists call a catalyzer officiating. In chemistry a catalyzer is an element which unites two other elements in the bonds of chemical combination without becoming entangled itself. It merely lends its presence, then withdraws to do more catalyzing. An atom of oxygen united to the deadly carbon monoxide molecule converts it into non-poisonous carbon dioxide. Bubbles of this gas account for the sparkle of soda water, champagne, and gin fizz. What particular catalyzer Dr. Frazer is using will, of course, remain his secret until he has straightened out his patents.

During the World War Dr. Frazer worked out a gas mask for the Government which made use of copper oxide and manganese dioxide, catalysts well known to chemistry. Your car, he hopes, will someday be equipped with a not very large container of his new catalyst, so that a motor running in a closed garage will not necessarily signify a burial. Other purposes of his research are to complete the now in-

complete combustion of the gasoline in the cylinders of all motors and to muffle the exhaust. While the promised improvement is not now available to the car owner, Dr. Frazer's record suggests that it soon will be. Until then remember to open the garage doors. You can't smell carbon monoxide.

►►Tooth Decay

FORTIFY YOURSELF when the sickly whirr starts up and the dentist advances on you with his buzzer, cheer yourself on that semi-annual trip with the knowledge that in three years' time some new and conclusive facts may be known about causes and preventives of tooth decay.

Research experts at the Columbia School of Dental and Oral Surgery, with a fund of \$105,000 at their disposal, and with the co-operation of similar groups here and in Europe, will start a three-year research program February 1 to discover the factors, at present unknown to dentistry, which make pyorrhea and tooth decay so prevalent. They will try to find out how many of our dental difficulties are due to faulty nutrition and other physical causes, and, conversely, what systemic ills arise from infected teeth. They will try to find out why, if decay is caused by acid films and the fermentation of food debris, many persons who never use a toothbrush have nearly perfect teeth; whereas others who brush their teeth religiously are the dentist's best customers.

Whatever the experts turn up is likely to be important. Some health workers even believe that the discovery of a means to prevent dental decay would rank next in importance to the discovery of a preventive and cure for cancer. It may be found that the toothbrush, dental floss, mouth-wash ritual of today is unnecessary; if so, three cheers. An additional and vastly more complicated ritual may be declared indispensable; if so, bring it on. Whatever the discoveries, if any, may be, they will be interesting.

►►Apartments for Farmers

"APARTMENT HOUSES," the president of the Iowa Associated General Contractors told a convention recently, "will tower from the rural crossroads and whole communities will sleep within a single building. The farmer will drive on an all-weather road to his farm, plow his corn, and return at night, not to an

isolated house, but to the flashing life of dinner with orchestra music." Apparently no one rose to inquire "Why?" so we won't, either. Perhaps the well-discussed farm problem has been only another housing problem all along.

How did the old song go, *The Jolly Farmer*?—

I envy nobody, no, not I,
And nobody envys me.

Yet a good many city dwellers did envy him. Because he had a comfortable,



Remarkable Remarks

The Republican Party is touched with Divinity.—REV. L. J. VAN PELT.

He [Calvin Coolidge] is the only man of his kind that was ever made.—ROBERT "BOB" WASHBURN.

Say what you will President Hoover was elected because he was believed to be a Prohibitionist.—SENATOR WILLIAM J. HARRIS.

This question [Prohibition] is never going to be solved and you are never going to have real judicial determination until some President of the United States is impeached for not enforcing this law.—REPRESENTATIVE LOREN BLACK.

The basis of everything that we have done has been that ever-present fundamental thought that, after all, government was made only for the comfort, service, convenience and health of people.—MAYOR JAMES J. WALKER.

The boys in the War had plenty of reason to get drunk . . . but strange to say none of them did get drunk.—MAJ. GEN. CLARENCE R. EDWARDS.

Strange as it may seem, babies are more dangerous than battleships when there are too many of them.—REV. CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER.

If the Banker's Club asks me to go before it, I will go like a shot.—COUNT MICHAEL KAROLYI.

I don't want money as much as I want that title.—JACK SHARKEY.

My evening clothes are always five years behind the fashion and I am afraid of interviewers and flat-footed women.—RING LARDNER.



roomy house for himself, and never had to go apartment-hunting. Because he had an attic where he could store things he could not bear to throw away, a cellar with room for a potato-bin and a barrel of apples, a kitchen with a big miracle-working range, and a front porch with a hammock on it. Because he could play the radio all night if he wished, and sleep when he wished, un-

disturbed by furniture-moving addicts upstairs. Because he could walk to work, and need not worry about where to spend the summer vacation. Because, above all, he could return at night to an isolated house and not to the flashing life of dinner with orchestra music.

Ho-hum. The jolly Iowa farmer. Write the song over with jazz variations, suitable for orchestra and for the flashing life. And put in plenty of blues.

►►In Brief

IT WAS, of course, a mere coincidence—nothing but a mere coincidence—that our naval delegates should sail to London on the S. S. George Washington, the first of America's transatlantic liners to establish its own brewery Suggestion to American shipbuilders: Why not send William B. Shearer to the London disarmament conference to act as "reporter" and "observer"? Says I. A. Miller, president of the Willys-Overland Company, "Unless there is a car for every member, the family of today, and even more so the family of tomorrow, is not 100 per cent motorized." And, as everybody knows, a family which is not 100 per cent motorized might as well give up Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, declares the British *Who's Who* for 1930, is the husband of "Elizabeth, daughter of Dwight Davis, U. S. Ambassador to Mexico." As well call Gene Tunney the husband of Helen Wills, daughter of the well-known Governor of Connecticut Speaking of celebrities, can any young man learning the publicity business tell us why it was wiser for the New Haven Railroad to select John Coolidge's suggestion, "The Yankee Clipper," for a new Boston-New York train than it would have been for it to select any of the 1100 other suggestions? Delegate Dwight Morrow read detective stories on his way to London, whereas Delegate Joseph Robinson read history. Which of these two men has the stronger political ambitions? In that letter to Dr. Thompson of Ohio State University in which he endorses "the discovery and promulgation of truth," President Hoover writes, "The solicitude and philosophic ripeness of your letter of January 7 requires more than reciprocation of kindly holiday greetings." Truth is, Mr. Hoover, a singular verb may not be used with a plural subject.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE FIND that the violent spirit with which the tenth anniversary of prohibition is being observed on land and sea by the Coast Guard and Seymour Lowman's crack shots has cast a damper on the Capital's social season quite as effectively as the Gann-Longworth row. Though there be a few daring fellows in Congress and the President's official family who still sip their cocktails quite publicly, most of the political dries but personal wets think secrecy the better part of valor, and have taken to their cellars, leaving the drawing rooms to their more holy or heroic comrades. We find them to be disregarding the dispensation given by Dr. Clarence True Wilson of the Methodist Board in his bull declaring that a man's personal habits are his own affair so long as he votes judiciously on the prohibition question. Dr. Wilson, we fear, extends this grant only to members of Congress, withholding it from more humble folk whose thirst runs to a highball rather than high place. The moral, which has not been missed by the large majority of M. C.'s, seems to be that office-holding confers exemption from the operation of the Volstead Act.

Dr. Wilson and his co-workers make much these days of the overwhelming political dryness of Congress, and we agree with him in this. Our informants on Capitol Hill tell us that there are only sixty members of the House who would dare to cast a decisive vote against prohibition, and that the number in the Senate does not exceed twenty. We do know that leaders of the House beer bloc have permission to publish the names of only sixty recruits on their letterheads, although another thirty have promised, privately, that they will stand on the firing line in any real showdown—a prospect which they know will not appear for many years. These totals may be even lower, since many legislators once boastful of independence and an open mind have recanted since the 1928 election. For these reasons we predict that the present discussion will come to nothing, and that the political rather than the sociological chart will set the Congressional course for at least a decade. We

cannot condemn this attitude of caution, since a reelection year is hardly a propitious time for serious study of the workings of the "experiment noble in motive," if not in motif.

What is astonishing, we think, is the prevalence of drinking among these same supporters of the Volstead Act and stern laws to enforce it. Although the number of out-and-out wets in Congress cannot be more than 110 or 120, we doubt if there are many more than that who abstain from liquor. Our



Evans in Columbus Dispatch.

SINGING IN THE RAIN

best information is that approximately thirty Senators practice what they preach, and that possibly 100 members of the House do not drink. The rest, wet or dry though they may be, violate the laws they make in large or small degree. Some sit around the bottle for the sake of companionship rather than tipsiness, while others merely conform to the custom of the Capital. Indeed, quite a few drink on the job, as former Speaker Gillett of the House stated in the Senate. Everybody knows who they are—and they number some of our most eminent figures—but they do not suffer in a social or political way because of that knowledge. In fact, one of the Capital's shiniest social figures lights the way along this primrose path. In view of the dry sentiment in the House, and Dr. Wilson's hosannahs, we think it amusing that the members had their own bootlegger until he was caught by the local gendarmes while making a

delivery at the Senate Office Building, and "the man in the green hat," as he was known, had to lose this high-class trade.

Former Senator Bruce of Maryland once estimated, and quite correctly, the number of dry Senators at "no more than you can put in a hack." We found nobody to dispute his statement. We also recall that during one long filibuster the antics of a certain southern Senator were more amusing than a stage comedian's performance. Most of the members of this body like to play the social game, and the surest way to fail at this pastime is to go about with a dry chip on one's shoulder.

The attitude of these drinking dries, to our mind, is quite curious. If they are among friends, they feel no explanation to be necessary. But if a surprised stranger should happen along, their story is that though they, in their wisdom, detest prohibition, their district wants it. None, so far as we can find, realizes that he may be trying to rationalize his appetite and sanctify his hypocrisy. With sounding sentiment and thick tongues they expound the theory that, under our system of representative government, they should comport themselves as spokesmen rather than statesmen.

Yet these are the men who have quartered upon the nation an enforcement army and navy of vaster proportions than most people realize. From a regiment of 2,000 agents and clerks in 1920 it has grown to a machine consisting of 20,000 people that is maintained at a current cost of \$40,000,000 a year. Besides such equipment as automobiles, airplanes, small arms, sawed-off shotguns, machine guns and cannon, prohibition goes forth to war with a navy of more than 400 large and small vessels. Abroad it is bulwarked by rum treaties requiring the co-operation of four wet nations. At home it rests upon such a legal basis as the Jones "five and ten" law, and a bill penalizing the buyer. In a decade, according to the Government's own figures, the cost of federal enforcement has amounted to \$243,000,000, and it is ever on the increase. In fact, some of the greatest guzzlers in Congress are the loudest shouters for more men, more ships, more guns and more law. And they will probably get what they want.

A. F. C.

An Editorial by A. G. Keller

to rear offspring decently or not, it is unfair that irresponsibles should lightly beget and then leave their progeny to become a drain upon the vitality and wherewithal of the responsible. Any conduct by

(Please Turn to Page 157)

God, 1930

By GILBERT P. SIMONS

The unusual interest shown by our readers whenever we print an article dealing with religion suggests that they also may like to know what younger men are thinking about God. It will be seen that the author, although not a member of any church, has an intense interest in religion which to date has found no formal outlet

A GREAT MANY ideas died during the war; a great many others were so badly hurt that they will never recover. These casualties were, however, among the secondary ideas; the primary ones will continue so long as there is a human race which seeks to understand itself and its environment.

Because I hold this view it seems to me that those of my contemporaries who say, "The war robbed me of the religion which is my birthright," are suffering from a phase of adult infantilism. They are mourning the rubbish of creeds that the War blasted to nothingness; but these externals, invented by the same type of mind that conceived the antimacassar, are as remote from the inner meaning of religion as the spirit of Jesus Christ from the vast majority of contemporary Christian churches. This so-called disillusionment is based, in part, on such incidents as the following: John Jones, going "over the top" prays to God that he may not suffer injury or death and that he may be permitted, through the infinite wisdom of the Deity, to disembowel a dozen of the damned swine who are holding the trench across the way. At that moment, a high explosive shell drops nearby and a splinter sheers off John's knee cap and smashes his right arm. Such a state of affairs naturally indicates to John that prayer is mere mummerly and hocus pocus. It never occurs to him that the function of prayer has, in general, the same place in the art of religion that finger exercises have in the art of music.

Both John and his brother Bill were reared by God-fearing parents. Bill's mother had said, "You must promise me never to have anything to do with women until you are married." Now it happened that Bill's regiment went on leave in May, 1918, and Bill, with a few companions, journeyed to Aix. Bill was sick of the whole business of war. His nerves were on end. Nothing mattered very much aside from the fact that he was alive at the moment and would probably be dead inside of six months. He wanted a few hours of repose; he wanted to forget the stink of gas and bodies; he was filled with

an indefinable hunger. Bill picked up Marie the first night in Aix. She was kind to him. They lived together for a week and at the end of that time Bill was ordered back to the front. During the week, the boy's nerves relaxed; he felt more at peace with the world, despite Marie's tawdry lodging, than he had felt in months.

When the train was two hours out of Aix, Bill had an idea. It hit him hard. Sin! He'd been living in sin! He thought of it for months and by the time he was on the transport, headed for home, he had concluded that his beloved mother, of whom he was truly fond, had taught him a lot of nonsense; that morality was nonsense so long as immorality didn't ruin one's life through disease; that the Sunday School in which he had learned the Ten Commandments was an outlet for bunk (nice enough if you could swallow it); that if the Sunday School was bunk then the whole Church was bunk; that if the Church was bunk then there was no such thing as religion.

THERE are ten thousand variations of the incidents which I have cited. They have been analyzed and rehashed by as many writers. The cumulative effect of the anti-social experience of society during the War is an immense study in itself. Those of us who date from the beginning of this century were profoundly affected by the tidal wave of events which crashed and roared through the hearts of men from 1914 to 1918. It seems to me in retrospect, that my own experience was identical with a million others. The roots of that experience date not only from the War but extend back as far as Darwin's *Origin of Species*. Perhaps the War merely severed the knot and loosed in the social mind the palpable discontent and criticism that had been brewing for years.

Such readjustments take their toll of human happiness for the time; even

of human lives. It is easy enough to surrender to mob impulses; most difficult to examine with a cold mind the rush of a tornado when one happens to be in its path. A little boy whom I know quite well summarized a viewpoint that has become prevalent during the last decade when he said: "I'm not going to pray to God any more. You can't see him, so he must be a fairy."

For my part, I have not been able to accept this attitude as consonant with an aggressive, intellectual viewpoint. It is perfectly true, on the other hand, that most of the Bible stories remained, for me, quaint bits of fiction until I began recently to re-examine them of my own volition. Moses will perhaps always be represented to me by a terrifying steel engraving of a fierce old man with wind-tossed whiskers and blazing eyes. I am still deeply impressed with the intrinsic immorality of teaching children to barter with God by promising themselves a rather miserable, and certainly unnatural life in this world in order that they might have an eternal reward in the next. This attitude is so cheaply commercial as to be indecent. There is no need to examine into the psychologic fallacies incident to this view nor the arrested development which it must produce.

I have also been profoundly impressed by Sir James G. Frazer's study in magic and religion: *The Golden Bough*. It throws a glaring light, by implication, upon the strange ulcers of barbarism which today disfigure the body of the Christian Church. Sir James tells us how the natives of Africa trick their Gods by threat and prayer into sending them rain—and one remembers one's childish prayers for an electric train—and recalls that millions of people throughout the country are today praying for an automobile, rain, or a new silk dress.

My own thinking on this subject was reorientated one day during a conversation with Dr. Albert Parker Fitch. "In the Vulgate Latin version of the Lord's Prayer," he said, "the phrase is translated 'Give us today our supersubstantial bread.'" Now, to the young mind, the idea is slightly intoxicating. In my case, the thoughts

came flooding somewhat in this order: "Bread—inanimate, disinterested, unaware of my existence and yet essential to it. God—essential to my spiritual being—disinterested, impersonal, satisfying a hunger—sustaining an existence."

"You must also," Fitch continued, "read Paul Sabatier's *Life of St. Francis*."

The book was illuminating. So also was Renan's *Life of Jesus*. One learns from them the astounding fact that these two were men, not figments of the imagination, and being men they lent infinite dignity to genus homo. They were not separate and distinct from the race, created in a divine mold. They were not angels as conceived by the medieval church, better than men, fourth dimensional and special. No, they were full of blood; they breathed. They were equipped with bowels. They laughed; they wept—they were men!

One tried to penetrate into their hearts and the further one penetrated, the more contemptuous one became of the contemporary church, of the wretched hymns, of the view that man is a degraded animal. On the contrary, one gloried in being a man and felt that if the animal man had the courage and perception to approach the infinite idea of God, he is infinitely more heroic than if, as the church would have us believe, he were a half divine being who by his early inheritance might lay just claim to a place among the angels. And yet one hesitated. Was all this frightfully naïve? The Germans, French, English and Americans had in one way or another announced with resonant emphasis, "God is on our side." Subsequent events certainly caused some doubt on this viewpoint. It became imperative, therefore, to turn away from the field of revealed religion and to find some basis in observed fact for a religious viewpoint that would bear critical examination. One realized, of course, that God cannot be subjected to microscopic observation but one also heard from afar the ghost of Henry Adams crying for what he called "education."

I scanned the field of knowledge which I had acquired at that time and it seemed to me the most direct evidence at my disposal lay in the evolu-

tionary process. It seemed to me to present from the lowest forms of life to the highest, a fairly constant growth which might be graphed in a rising curve. I called this line the curve of awareness. I saw on one hand that the amoeba reacts to heat, cold, light, sex and such rudimentary concerns,

central function of their being to which all others are subordinated. May we not safely draw certain inferences from this development which has continued through so many eons of time? It seems to me that we may safely say, since abstract thought is at present the highest development in the biologic scale

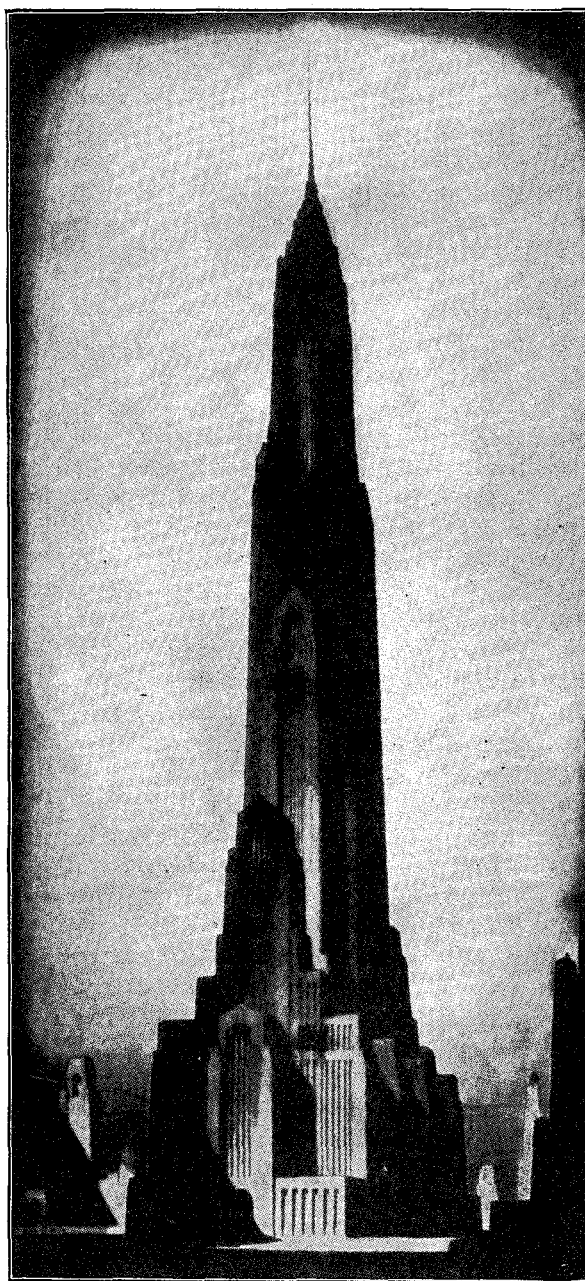
that man is biologically obligated to make use of it. It is in a way a biologic imperative.

Now, these functions of abstract thinking have a variety of objects and a variety of origins. The esthetic sense alone is supremely indicative. Let me present this in concrete terms. I came last Saturday on "A Holy Family" by Andrea del Sarto which hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. I had examined three or four rooms devoted to Flemish, Dutch and Italian primitives. There were, naturally, some interesting, even superb canvases. But many of them were conceived by strangely distorted minds. There were Christs, revoltingly dead and smeared with blood, concepts of the outer man, which somehow bear a strange resemblance to the type of mind which edits tabloid newspapers, absorbed in the morbid, irrelevant and violent.

Then suddenly the del Sarto. The thing, as I gazed, seemed to rise from its frame, with an infused, supernal life. One stared in dumb amazement. Yes, here was realism in the drawing and flesh tones; here was audacious coloring—but beyond all that—utterly beyond all technical considerations, the canvas, with its intricate design, spoke with a clear voice of something which no man has ever seen. Del Sarto could not have learned it in any atelier in Italy. His painting was a record of a vibrancy, an awareness, a passion, too great to be restrained, that has no origin in the visible world. If this state-

ment seems overly exuberant, I think we can agree, nevertheless, that if del Sarto was able to see such things in this world the implication is clear that the more one sees, the more beautiful and eternal the world appears. We have more evidence on this point.

We have heard Beethoven, seen Michael Angelo, read St. Thomas Aquinas. The theme is presented



From "The Metropolis of Tomorrow" by Hugh Ferriss (Ives, Washburn)

THE CHURCH OF TOMORROW

and that on the other hand, man reacts not only to these factors but likewise to certain abstract concepts. There are, to be sure, points at which this line of awareness rises sharply as between the vegetable and animal kingdoms and between that later development of the animal kingdom, genus homo and his next nearest relative. Awareness in the higher animals becomes in fact the

through innumerable media: test tubes, pentameters, violins, mathematical formulae; the same trend, the same glimpse of the universal and eternal, perceived through the diamond clarity of genius. We have the oyster on one hand and Socrates on the other. Between them, through infinite variations, there is a connecting thread which trends in a given direction. And to what end?

For the want of a better term, it is still called God, in English, although the connotations of the word today are so strange as to make it nearly useless. Perhaps I am mistaken, but it seems to me that this monosyllable brings to most young minds the conventional old gentleman with white hair and his contemporary what-nots, cassocks and hand-painted fungi, "decorated, my dear, by your Aunt Josie, who died of a feminine complaint."

We have not time enough to purge the old word of its artificial collateral meanings, and so it must serve for the present. One of the remarkable aspects of the whole concept, however, is the relation which human conduct has always borne to it. Indeed there seems to be little doubt that in the later and present days of most Christian sects, conduct has been more important than the basic concept of God which Jesus enunciated. This fact has laid the church open to scathing and well grounded criticism. The conviction that the Mosaic code must be subjected to objective criticism in the light of established scientific fact, has been growing for years. Even an historic consideration of the Ten Commandments indicates clearly enough the economic and social necessity which dictated most of the decalogue. The first and second commandments obviously were devised to break any superstitious attachment which the Children of Israel might have for the gods of the Egyptians. Such digression imperiled the unity of the Israelites and for that reason a special emphasis was laid upon the monotheistic concept; the second commandment, in the light of later Christian history, with its rich graphic and plastic art, is entirely disregarded, although for many centuries it denied and still denies devout Jews of the old school any creative outlet in these fields. The third commandment is intimately related to the preceding ones and like the second is practically obsolete. So also is the fourth since the uses of the seventh day are today less

contemplative and more sporting than in the days of our fathers.

As for the fifth, it seems that the word "honor" as applied to one's parents hardly fits the contemporary attitude. In my personal experience I know no one who "honors" parents "that his life may be long." We are much more inclined, in a successful parent-child relationship, to enter into a wholehearted love and friendship which has in it more tenderness and intimacy than is implied by the word "honor." Even the valuable intent of this commandment is largely disregarded, for youth demands first-hand experience of life rather than the pre-digested observations of its parents. Such an attitude is obviously open both to praise and censure. The last five precepts: Thou shalt not kill, commit adultery, steal, bear false witness, covet thy neighbor's property, including his wife, are, of course, purely social and have no effect upon creative elements in the human mind. As social precepts they are obviously sound, although frequently disregarded.

WE MUST admit, however, that certain deep undercurrents seem to be attacking even these last five. Those bearing on theft and coveting are substantially affected by the ever increasing body of wealth in the world; so that those who break these commandments are more and more subject to psychiatric study and treatment rather than mere ecclesiastic condemnation. This applies also to murder and lying; so that science, if we may judge by present tendencies, may rightly regard derelictions of this nature as fit study for the laboratory. Science too is altering our attitude toward the much debated seventh commandment by introducing satisfactory methods of birth control.

The Sermon on the Mount is, on the other hand, not essentially concerned with the problem of social morality. If we take the beatitudes alone we derive an impression which is the after-image of an eye that has perceived a part of the Universal and Eternal. Jesus describes for us a state of mind, unencumbered with material pre-occupations, free of prejudice and dominant passions, open to perceptions and development. He damns the closed mind, the mind concerned with the externals, the solid mind.

He tells us that if our mental processes have fallen into this state,

violent action must be taken. "And if the right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee, for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell." There is nothing sentimental about it, no gloze of saccharine promises. He might even be describing the ruthless process of natural selection. Men have seized on the beatitudes because they are about the only categorical statements in the sermon. For the rest, Jesus had outlined for us the sort of mentality which is capable of universal awareness, its vitality, luminosity, strength and susceptibility.

He said, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your father which is in heaven is perfect." Ah, sir, you were a great master of words—if only you had told us what you meant by "perfect." That omission, if it be one, has drenched the world in blood; it has been the source of unending dispute because each epoch in history has seen fit to give its own interpretation on the basis of its social and economic conditions. It is almost vain to look for moral precepts in the Sermon. It is pure theology enunciated by a master mind for a simple people.

One exception must be noted, however, and that is in the so-called Golden Rule: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets." This statement alone outbalances the whole of the decalogue—but it is a statement of policy, not a law; for its interpretation depends wholly on the concepts of morality current in any given community. Thus, for instance, I may with perfect validity murder John Smith's father and permit him to murder mine, if we four men happen to be residents of one of those South Sea Islands where the life span of aged people is determined by the will of the community. Clearly, if murder is indicated as a part of social morality, then I may murder or be murdered under the Golden Rule. Nevertheless, because of its adaptability and fundamental soundness, this Rule is of universal and eternal social significance. Men are forever turning to it with a sense of wonder. Not the least amusing phenomenon in philosophy is Emanuel Kant's categorical imperative which is nothing more than an intellectualized version of the same idea—and yet uttered by him with such weighty and

(Please Turn to Page 158)

➡ Continuing the Foch Tradition ◀

By T. R. YBARRA

IN APPOINTING General Maxime Weygand Chief of Staff of the French army a few weeks ago France not only honored one of the best of her living soldiers but paid tribute to one of the greatest of her dead. For Maxime Weygand was singled out from the very opening of the World War by Ferdinand Foch—then merely commander of one of the French armies—as a man of remarkable military ability and rare qualities of leadership. This opinion was retained by Foch to the very end of his life. Where Foch went, Weygand went; when Foch was promoted, Weygand also rose in rank; where Foch issued commands, Weygand executed them. Nor was this all—the admiration felt by the man who became eventually commander-in-chief of the Allied armies and the Nemesis of Hindenburg and Ludendorff, ripened, as time went on, into genuine and complete friendship.

Ferdinand Foch and Maxime Weygand, despite the disparity in their military rank and in the measure of renown which came to them in France and other lands, emerged from the War as modern counterparts of Damon and Pythias. At this time last year, during the weeks when Marshal Foch, stricken and already marked for death, lay in the room where he was destined to draw his last breath, he kept calling, between delirious attacks, for his old comrade and friend.

Into that chamber of death, for many days before the end last March, nobody—with one solitary exception—who was not a relative, physician or nurse, was allowed to enter. The exception was Maxime Weygand. And it was he, who, broken with grief and aged by the suffering caused him by watching the last moments of Foch, took charge of all the funeral arrangements and knew no respite until his old chief and friend was laid in his tomb under the dome of the Invalides.

General Weygand becomes Chief of Staff of the French army of peace at the age of sixty-three; it was twelve years ago, when he had just turned fifty, that he was appointed—thanks, largely, to the urgent wish of Foch—Chief of Staff of the French armies of war. At that time he already had more than a quarter of a century of military life behind him. Graduated from St.

Cyr in 1891, with the rank of second lieutenant, he had attained, when the World War broke out, to a lieutenant-coloneley. It was as a colonel that he first served as Foch's Chief of Staff—at the battle of the Marne in 1914, when Foch was commander of the French Ninth Army. When the latter took charge of all the Allied forces in March, 1918, at the height of the terrific German offensive against Amiens and Paris, Weygand—now a Lieutenant-General—was made permanent Chief of Staff of all the French armies.

From then until the end of the War



Wide World

GENERAL MAXIME WEYGAND

he was the great Marshal's right-hand man. And the fact that Foch's fame overshadowed Weygand's was no fault of the commander-in-chief. In war and in peace Foch never lost an opportunity to praise his coadjutor. "He has a head and a soul," he once said of Weygand. "I rely on him." On another occasion, he told his Chief of Staff: "You are not only a great general, not only a great commander of an army or group of armies, but you are a great leader, a born leader."

In 1920 Weygand, after what looked like permanent relegation to the life of a soldier in peace-time, suddenly leaped into the limelight of war again. That was when the Russian Bolshevik armies came smashing through Poland, driving the Poles before them and menacing Warsaw, the Polish capital. Marshal Pilsudski, the Polish commander, asked

aid of France. Weygand, with a staff of French officers, veterans of the Great War, hurried to Poland.

There Weygand, scenting once more the smoke of battle, standing, amid maps and plans, listening to reports from the front, began to make suggestions, outline movements of counter-attack. Gradually his voice rose: his tone was more one of command than of suggestion. Pilsudski grew angry.

"I am a Polish Marshal," he blurted out. "I cannot tolerate such a tone from a French general! I can tolerate it only from Marshal Foch!"

Weygand paused. Then, cold and calm, he said:

"Marshal Foch was accustomed to invite my suggestions and advice. He did this because he was not only a great general but a great man!"

For a moment not a word was spoken by Poles or Frenchmen. Then Pilsudski, biting his moustache, turned to Weygand.

"Please continue!" he said.

Weygand resumed his outline of the operations which, he believed, the Polish army should initiate in order to check the Bolsheviks. His suggestions were adopted. The Poles gave battle, broke through the Russian lines, drove the Russians in headlong retreat eastward. Warsaw was saved.

Though over sixty, General Weygand looks younger. He is thin and seemingly far from robust. Yet, when it comes to endurance, he has often proved himself superior to men much younger and, apparently, much stronger. He is a man of few words. When he does open his mouth, he speaks with brevity, incisively, looking straight at whomsoever is before him with piercing black eyes. He is of medium height, clean-cut of feature, a soldier every inch of him. In fact, so unswerving is his devotion to what he conceives to be his duty, so rigid his interpretation of the military code as he sees it, that he is not exactly persona grata with some ultra-Republicans. There are those in France who fear that Weygand the militarist may be Weygand the monarchist.

But such fears are only found among elements of the extreme Left. Elsewhere, the consensus of opinion seems to be that, in appointing him, France chose the very best way of continuing, in peace, the Foch tradition.

►► The Leisure Arts ◀◀

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Week's Reading

STORM JAMESON is one of the thoroughly competent contemporary upholders of tradition in the English novel. Her new book, *The Voyage Home*, is a sequel to *The Lovely Ship*, and will be followed by a final volume in a trilogy which is to tell a story of ship-building in the great days of the Nineteenth Century, and the life story of a dominating woman. True to tradition, there is in *The Voyage Home* a plot involving the conflict of personality with personality, a group of admirably developed characters, humor, sentiment, the quiet tragedies of birth and death and deep, sober sympathy and wisdom. Unless one has read *The Lovely Ship*, the story gets under way slowly, with a little confusion as to characters and setting. But it develops richly, and can stand alone as an absorbing novel. Mary Hervey, the heroine, is a middle-aged woman whose life has been spent in the development of a ship-yard and line of ships inherited from her fierce, self-made father. Business is no longer the satisfying emotional outlet that it once was. Her children, grown-up, slip out of her hands in heart-breaking ways, the products of her misguided domination. Her husband cannot return her belated love. Death and change break old ties. The story of her adjustment, her compromise and her final hope of fulfilment is the story of *The Voyage Home*. The book is recommended to all who enjoy an old-fashioned novel of character and social criticism, warm, rich and wise, written with restraint, gracious ease and finish, and illuminated by a deep understanding of human personality and human relations.

In her new novel, Margery Latimer maintains the quality of style and the standard of serious excellence which she established for herself in *We Are Incredible*. But *This Is My Body* (Cape and Smith \$2.50) is a harder book to read than the earlier one and not so

satisfactory. Its subject is one which would try the skill of a far better writer. The entirely subjective story of a frenzied adolescent, it lacks the relief of solid maturity. Miss Latimer's heroine is an hysterical, egocentric girl whose talk is all of the "realities" of life, but who has not learned the reality of her own insignificance. She "would rather be a great writer than a moral woman," (aims which appear to her in-



ROSALIND AND ORLANDO

Illustration by James Daugherty for "As You Like It," published in one volume with "The Tempest" and "The Merchant of Venice" (Harcourt, Brace)

compatible), but she has a moral woman's body and soul. She pursues her ambition through a co-educational college with its opportunities for superficial sex experience, and on into Greenwich Village with its equal opportunities for the same. Her uncontrolled eagerness for "the serious things of life," her lack of humor and common sense, her repressions and explosions are painful and tedious. The novel abounds in scenes of recrimination and misunderstanding at home and of hypocrisy in class rooms and deans' offices, in descriptions of poetry society meetings and in pale orgies of talk about love, life and art. This reviewer is at a loss to know what Miss Latimer wanted to do with her book. She did not succeed in creating sympathy for her sorry little heroine (one begins, quite early, to feel that no fate could be too dreadful for her). Perhaps she did not want to. Perhaps she attempted to satirize the cult of youth, to laugh tenderly at those young dreamers of beauty who talk of

the soul and mean the body. Yet it is difficult to believe this because there are implications in the title and throughout the novel which belie such a possibility. *This Is My Body* is tragedy: but tragedy of a sort which becomes real and poignant only in the hands of a master.

A strange setting and a period of history, generally unfamiliar are used by F. Tennyson Jesse in her historical novel, *The Lacquer Lady* (Macmillan \$2.50) to make a highly readable book which creates interest out of what must be to most readers whole cloth, and sustains it steadily. This is a story of Mandalay and the events leading to and following the British occupation of Upper Burma in 1885. The heroine, a half-caste Becky Sharp, first appears in a Brighton boarding school whence she and an English friend, a missionary's daughter sail for Mandalay to join their respective parents. Their stories touch at many vital points but the reader's interest is with slant-

eyed Fanny. In Mandalay, she becomes speedily the intimate of the Lacquer Lady, the young Burmese princess, afterwards queen. Fanny's intrigues and her love affair are influential in bringing about the usurpation of the throne by the princess and her brother-lover-husband, the atrocities which follow, and the British occupation which follows the atrocities. At long last Fanny is back in Brighton, an elderly, squat figure in the back room of a curiosity shop. The novel abounds in gorgeous descriptions and is worth reading if only for its vivid pictures of fantastic scenes and ceremonials. But the characterizations, also, are satisfying.

The story is melodramatic, based as it is upon a picturesque and startling series of events, and the general effect of the book is highly exotic. The author has an agreeable literary style, skill in descriptive writing and has the technique of historical fiction at her fingertips.

Poet's Pub by Eric Linklater (Cape and Smith \$2.60) is light fiction from England, bright, mildly amusing, easily written, true to type. An oarsman-poet-cook, running a country inn, gathers about him in Wayside or Tabard fashion an assorted group of characters, each with a story attached, and many bent on pseudonymous adventure. There is a good deal of play at cross-purposes, some frothy talk about ideas and art, much ado about little, and the usual love stories.

There should be enough mediocre to poor biographies in America to obviate the necessity of importing them. *Savonarola* by Piero Misciatelli (Appleton \$3.00, translated by M. Peters-Roberts) is one of those many books designed apparently for readers who want a smattering of information about the great men of history and who must have their pills lightly gilded. The subject is a brilliant one, full of tempting opportunities for examination in the light of modern psychology and for comparison to modern reformers, censors and zealots. But Misciatelli's volume is a matter of fact life history, written in commonplace popular style (possibly mishandled by the translator), relieved by excerpts from a few original papers, but offering the stimulus of no fresh impression of Savonarola, or of no old impression, freshly felt.

The *Life of John Keats* by Albert Erlande (translated by Marion Robinson: Cape and Smith \$3.) may be its author's attempt to "Ariel-ize" another English poet. In that, it is unsuccessful; Erlande is no Maurois. But the clever brevity of the book gives the long-needed popular story and serves to focus attention on the tragic effect of the critical activities of the *Edinburgh Review*. Poets, nowadays, are hardier. Or are they not such poets? Or not such critics?

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

Among new books, received too late for review, the following are well worth

reading: *Walter Rathenau* by Count Harry Kessler (Harcourt, Brace \$3.75), an excellent biography of the German captain of industry who became a force in the spiritual as in the material life of his nation, a "German Henry Ford," but of far greater attainments and loftier aims; *Private Letters, Pagan and Christian*, an anthology edited by Dorothy Brooke (Dutton \$3.50) of ancient Greek and Latin letters, fascinating in style as in content, from the earliest known Greek letter to a letter from Saint Patrick to an incompetent assistant; *Motion Pictures in History Teaching*, a useful study of the possibilities in this field made by David Knowlton and J. W. Tilton (Yale University Press \$2.), based on experiments in the showing of the Chronicles of America Photoplays in various schools. New editions of old books are *The Book of the Courtier* by Baldassare Castiglione, in Liveright's handsome Black and Gold Library (\$3.50); *Manon Lescaut* and *Carmen*, Phineas Finn, Molière's *Comedies*, and Howard's *State of the Prisons* in the eighty cent Everyman's (Dutton); *Memoirs of a Revolutionist* by Kropotkin, Mayo's *Standard Bearers*, Sabatini's *Cesare Borgia*, *The Corsican* (Napoleon's life told in his own words), *Roosevelt in the Bad Lands* by Hagedorn, and *Kwaidan* by Lafcadio Hearn in Houghton, Mifflin's Riverside Dollar Library.

The collection of *Frances Newman's Letters* (Ed. by Hansell Baugh. Horace Liveright, \$3.00) points to the need of a biography of this "belligerent Georgian" who shot into the literary firmament like a rocket and came down in that shower of sparks, *Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers*, if one may paraphrase a sentence in the prefatory note by James Branch Cabell. Unwittingly, the editor presents one of the contributing causes of Miss Newman's disintegration. Miss Newman first drew attention to herself with the publication of her novel entitled *The Hard-Boiled Virgin*.

Behind the Blurbs

A VOLUME CALLED *Only Saps Work* will be pub. by Vanguard in April. That's all we know about it, except that it's by Courtenay Terrett. But, just as from one sap to another, don't you think there's something in it? Oh sure, we're a sap, and glad of it. Only saps eat. ❀❀❀ Do you know what a *gerenuk* is? Well, it's a kind of gazelle, known as the "little giraffe," because it feeds on the leaves of trees, and stands on its hind legs while doing so. This we learn from a very entertaining African animal book, *In the Land of the Lion*¹, by Cherry Kearton, who has been a big game photographer for 25 years. Mr. Kearton, in common with other African travelers, finds that big game is disappearing at an alarming rate, principally, he believes, because of "the introduction of the motor car as an aid to the week-end sportsman." The remedy, he says, is not in sanctuaries and regulations, but in convincing the hunters that wild life is deserving of something better than wanton destruction. But he doesn't seem particularly optimistic. ❀❀❀ Richard Oke's *Frolic Wind*² is brilliantly written, and if the author does not succumb to the temptation of becoming just one of those clever young men, we believe that he may some time justify his publishers' prediction, so hopefully expressed on the jacket. The book concerns the row among the lions and the lionesses Lady Athaliah and her three aged sisters had invited down to Pagnell Bois for the week-end, and how a thunderstorm brought truth into a drawing room full of smart people. Amusing, sophisticated comedy, but the denouement is as shattering to the complacency of the actors as the bolt of lightning which struck down Lady Athaliah on her tower. ❀❀❀ The Kleist Prize, Germany's most important literary award, has been given to

1. McBride, \$3.50
2. Payson & Clarke, \$2.50.



From the jacket of "Coronet" by Manuel Komroff (Coward-McCann)

Anna Seghers for her *Revolt of the Fishermen*, to be pub. this spring in a translation by Margaret Goldsmith, by Longmans. ❀ ❀ ❀ And Margaret Irwin's *None So Pretty*, a tale of the 17th Century, won the Chatto & Windus historical novel contest. 'Twill be pub. by Harcourt in the spring. ❀ ❀ ❀ Under the imprint of The King's Printers Editions, Eyre & Spottiswoode and The Viking Press will publish jointly this spring limited editions of Keats (2 vols.), and of Jonson's *The Masque of Queens*, the latter a facsimile ed., with 20 reproductions of the sketches for the scenery and the costumes by Inigo Jones. Other vols. later. ❀ ❀ ❀ A cleverly constructed thriller is *The Mystery of the Open Window*³, in which the guilt for the murder of Sir Hector Ascher and the stuffing of that gent into a trunk is first placed by the detectives so firmly upon his secretary that you're sure the story is over when you've half finished the book. Then comes an amateur sleuth who with the facts already given upsets the case, and gives it two entirely new twists which amaze you, and make you wonder how you could have been so dumb as to have missed such plain implications. ❀ ❀ ❀ In J. J. Conington's *The Eye in the Museum*⁴ the autopsy upon Mrs. Fenton, who had died presumably of heart failure, showed that she had had veronal and digitalis administered to her, though not in sufficient quantity to bump her completely off. Also there are curious marks on her neck. We take great pride in having unmasked the murderer before the author did—not an easy trick with this writer, who always plays fair and gives you all the facts, but usually succeeds in keeping you mystified until the end. ❀ ❀ ❀ *Dark Power*⁵ is all about what happened to Di when, after losing her job, she went to live with her mysterious aunt and uncle in a no less mysterious deserted hotel, among idiot children, alcoholic cousins and other disturbing phenomena. Incredible but creepy. Also exciting. ❀ ❀ ❀ *Murder Yet to Come*⁶, is a scary and very good mystery involving a villainous miser and his granddaughter. There's hypnotism and the old, old ruby stolen from the Hindu temple, but the author can tell a story and has a real knack for creating suspense.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

3. By Anthony Gilbert: Dodd Mead, \$2.00.

4. Little Brown, \$2.00.

5. By Elizabeth Sanxay Holding: Vanguard, \$2.00.

6. By Isabel Briggs Myers: Stokes, \$2.00.

▶▶ Human Nature and Education ◀◀

As Seen in Recent Books

SEVEN BOOKS lie on my table, issued by five publishers, written, edited, or translated by some sixty authors. Of these, however, fifty are contributors to a symposium on *Contemporary Attitudes* (Houghton, Mifflin) and three are its editors. One of the books, on *The New Education in the Soviet Republic* (Day), has an author, a translator, and an editor; another, on *The New Education in the German Republic* (Day), acknowledges a dual authorship; while the other four—*Our Changing Human Nature* (Macaulay), *Individuality and Social Restraint* (Appleton), *Social Psychology of International Conduct* (Appleton), and *An Introduction to Social Anthropology* (Holt)—have each a sole author. The last, by Clark Wissler, appears in an American Social Science Series, of which Howard W. Odum is the general editor.

The book on Russian education represents the new Russia, speaking for herself through one of her leading educators, Albert P. Pinkevitch of Moscow. The vivid interpretation of German education is by Thomas Alexander, a Columbia professor who was a university student at Jena and has frequently revisited Germany, and Beryl Parker, assistant supervisor in the public schools of Norfolk, Virginia. Samuel D. Schmalhausen, who once told *Why We Misbehave*, is the author of the unsparing exposure of our changing human nature. Professor George Ross Wells of the Hartford Seminary Foundation gives us the popular survey of individuality and social restraint. Professor George Malcolm Stratton of the University of California has written the thoughtful and distinguished book on social psychology of international conduct.

The descriptive phrases so subtly interwoven in the preceding paragraph with the names of authors and the repeated titles of the books are not original with the reviewer, but after critical scrutiny the reviewer underwrites them. This scrutiny and endorsement of the editor's (or publisher's) commendation is perhaps all that these seven books have in common. True they all deal in one way or another with human nature; but what really good book does not? Education, psychology, social anthropology, contemporary attitudes, are to be sure expressly mentioned in these titles; but these and their like are the perennial themes of modern literature, whether popular or technical, whether prophetic, historical, descriptive, or imaginative. Like all well selected groups of books, these seven

books belong together because some one interested person has read them.

Dr. Wissler has produced an excellent textbook, a review of achievement in anthropological research. It makes good its "promise of an orientation in human society as a whole." It is one of the early fruits of the Institute of Human Relations at Yale University. It will help to make the embryonic anthropologist, who is already presumably socially minded, also geographically and historically minded.

Kendall B. Taft, John Francis McDermott, and Dana O. Jensen, in their collection of fifty-odd stimulating essays on outstanding topics of contemporary life and thought, have admirably succeeded in avoiding dullness and prosiness and in presenting definitely conflicting points of view, illustrating the divergent attitudes of the present day. Perhaps the best evidence of their success is that the selections which are recognized from a previous reading in the book or magazine in which they



Illustration by Constance Whittemore from Frances Jenkins Olcott's "Wonder Tales from Fairy Isles" (Longmans, Green)

originally appeared are the very ones which are apt to be first read and most eagerly enjoyed in this volume.

Dr. Stratton's engaging and eminently objective discussion of racial and national likenesses and differences, of the delusions and the behavior of various peoples, of the existing society of nations, of the interaction of science, education, and politics in civilizing the nations, is a real contribution to the



The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, New York; SCRANTONS, INC., Rochester; KORNER & WOOD, Cleveland; SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, St. Louis; KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., Denver; TEOLIN PILOT CO., Houston; PAUL ELDER & CO., San Francisco; NORMAN REMINGTON CO., Baltimore; EMERY BIRD THAYER, Kansas City; MILLER'S BOOK STORE, Atlanta; BULLOCK'S, Los Angeles; MARSHALL FIELD & CO., Chicago; STEWART KIDD, Cincinnati; J. K. GILL, Co., Portland, Oregon.

Fiction

Coronet, by Manuel Komroff: Coward-McCann. A philosophical romance of the fall of aristocracy, beginning in Sixteenth Century Florence and ending in present-day Chicago full of color and vigor. Reviewed January 8.

All Our Yesterdays, by H. M. Tomlinson: Harper. This takes its place at once in the small first rank of War novels. Don't miss it. Reviewed Jan. 8.

Young Man of Manhattan, by Katherine Brush: Farrar and Rinehard. A tale of the marriage of a New York newspaper play-boy, deft, humorous and touching. Reviewed January 8.

Hudson River Bracketed, by Edith Wharton: Appleton. A warmly human story of young genius in New York marked by brilliant analysis. Reviewed Nov. 20.

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque translated by A. W. Wheen: Little, Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War. Reviewed June 5.

Non-Fiction

The Tragic Era by Claude Bowers: Houghton, Mifflin. A vigorous and dramatic study of the Reconstruction. Reviewed Sept. 11.

New Worlds to Conquer, by Richard Halliburton: Bobbs, Merrill. Daring adventures dramatically told for the rocking-chair traveller. Reviewed Dec. 25.

Twelve Against the Gods, by William Bolitho: Simon and Schuster. Great adventurers from Alexander the Great to Woodrow Wilson presented in the perfection of journalistic writing. Reviewed November 20.

Queen Elizabeth by Katharine Anthony: Knopf. A stimulating, highly readable portrait. Reviewed Oct. 9.

For the Defense, by Edward Marjoribanks: Macmillan. The exciting career of England's great criminal lawyer, Sir Edward Marshall Hall, and discussions of his most famous cases. Reviewed November 20.



cause of peace and rational international conduct.

Dr. Schmalhausen's book, while not open to the charge of undue restraint, is replete with interesting ideas, and is worth reading if only for its three amusing psychoanalytic portraits.

Dr. Wells makes a refreshing apology for his book, starting with the modest suggestion that "books are, perhaps, not the momentous facts which they once were." He holds that groups are convenient, useful, and probably neces-

New MACMILLAN Books

Science and the Unseen World

By A. S. Eddington, author of "The Nature of the Physical World"

Illuminating in the extreme with tonic properties for your faith which you must not miss. Small in size and price, but immeasurably cheering in content. Price \$1.25

Four Square

By John Rathbone Oliver, author of "Victim and Victor"

"Every clergyman, and every doctor, every lawyer and every judge could read it to advantage. Oliver tells in an inimitable way stories of the lives which he has touched intimately in his several capacities as psychiatrist, criminologist, scholar, and clergyman. It is an unusual book by an unusual man."—William Alanson White, M.D. (Eminent Psychiatrist). Price \$2.50

Immortality:

An Old Man's Conclusions

By S. D. McConnell

An honest book by a man of eighty-five which does not attempt to obscure the difficulties in the way of a belief in immortality by a smoke screen of piety. Price \$1.50

The Significance of Personality

By Richard M. Vaughan

Ought to help a lot of puzzled people to combine their experience and thought into a more meaningful understanding of how the universe as a whole wishes them to regard themselves. Price \$2.50

Palestine To-day and To-morrow

By John Haynes Holmes

"Digs down to basic facts and forces and presents its findings with justice to all sides."—Florence F. Kelly in *The New York Times*. The best exposition now available in English of the all but insuperable difficulties in the Zionist path."—*New York Herald-Tribune*. Price \$2.50

BEHOLD THE MAN

By Friedrich Rittelmeyer

"One of the richest, most suggestive and stimulating books I have read in a long time. It is full of vision moments and sentences that open new vistas. The last chapter is worth more than the price of the book."—Joseph Fort Newton. Religious Book-a-Month Club's first selection for December. Price \$1.75

PRAYER

By Mario Puglisi

"The best book on the subject available to-day."—Rev. H. D. McKeehan. "Justifies to the most searching contemporary thought the validity of prayer as an experience of Reality."—Rev. Dwight Bradley. "It is a major contribution to a great theme."—John Wright Buckham. Price \$2.50

MAHATMA GANDHI'S IDEAS

Prepared and edited by Charles F. Andrews

Gandhi is proof positive that fidelity to a policy of non-violence need not be either craven or futile. Here is his own full and complete account of the grounds of action by which he has become the world's chief practitioner of the principles of the Sermon on the Mount. No lover of peace tired of the empty lip-service Western Christendom pays Jesus can afford to miss this restorative to his courage. Probable price \$3.00

The Christian Content of the Bible

Or "The Bible Reduced to the Standard in Jesus"

By George Holley Gilbert

Aims to retain everything possible in the Bible and still remain consistently Christian throughout, in full harmony with the mind of the Master and therefore spiritually authoritative. Price \$2.00

Early Traditions about Jesus

By J. F. Bethune-Baker

The simply written, intensely readable short life of Jesus in line with sound scholarship for which your best people have been looking for years. Probable price \$1.50

Death and Renewal

By Poul Bjerre

Bjerre is the most widely discussed writer in Sweden to-day, where this book is referred to as "a book of revelation setting forth a new way of life." The first Swedish edition sold out in a week. Probable price \$3.00

Do the Churches Dare?

By Chauncey J. Hawkins

"It is all well done—amazingly well done. Dr. Hawkins knows his subject in both its theological and scientific phases and welds the two with consummate skill. His arguments are all-convincing."—*New York Herald-Tribune*. Price \$1.50

Jeremiah The Prophet

By Raymond Calkins, author of "The Eloquence of Christian Experience"

By asking in every instance how old Jeremiah was when he gave this message and what was the state of public affairs at the time of its delivery, Calkins brilliantly proves that Jeremiah developed into one of the greatest religious statesmen of all time. Price \$2.50

What Do We Mean by God?

By C. P. Valentine

In the contest now on between certain forms of humanism and the Christian religion Valentine is a host in himself on God's side. "This is the best contemporary book on God."—Charles Clayton Morrison, *Christian Century Pulpit*. Price \$2.00

At your bookstore or from

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
Chicago Atlanta Boston Dallas San Francisco

sary; but that we are now overdoing imposed discipline, and need more self-discipline and reflective intelligence.

The two important books on the new education in Russia and Germany must be read by all serious students of contemporary cultures. Be prepared for the unexpected. Perhaps the greatest surprise is that it is in Germany, where the revolution is supposed to have made little change in the national character, that education has become free, spontaneous, infinitely varied and colorful. It is

in Russia, where the old civilization was destroyed root and branch, where the last became first and all the traditions were thrown to the winds, that one hears most about authority, restraint, compulsion, conformity to type. The joy and passion of youth and democracy in place of the goose-step; the stern discipline of the class war for the proletariat and the peasant of the once holy Russia—what paradoxical fruits of the new education!

EDWARD T. DEVINE.

The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

NEARLY EVERY man with literary inclinations conceives the bold project of writing an original play during his freshman year in college. Almost always it deals with one not exactly new dramatic situation: love and a scarlet lady. Greater love hath no man, than that he cherish a prostitute and marry her.

In the case of Robert E. Sherwood, now of *Waterloo Bridge* fame, freshman year seems to have hung on long after college days ought to be over. For it is none other than the above drama which he brings before his admirers at the Fulton Theatre.

Which is not to say that a most searching and excellent play might not be written on such a theme. But Mr. Sherwood hasn't written it.

True, he has placed his situation in London during war days, and extracted all the drama air raids afford. He has imagined sentimentally and well several of the moments such a story provides. And he has chosen June Walker and Glenn Hunter most cannily to portray the two characters involved; in this instance, a young American in the Canadian forces, and an ex-chorus girl from the Pink Lady.

But that is about all that can be said. The young American is merely lifted from Mr. Tarkington's published works. So that not even Mr. Hunter's genuinely stirring work can make him more than momentarily credible. While the psychology of the Pink Lady absolves Mr. Sherwood from all suspicion concerning his private life and even casts doubt on his perceptions of female human nature. Frankly, we doubt if even scarlet women, in love for the first time, go out—without any real necessity—and sell themselves during the evening; when they are scheduled to meet Galahad again in the morning.

Beyond this, the moments of tears and thrills and laughter which the play provides are testimony to the playwrighting abilities of the author of *The Road to Rome* and *The Queen's Husband*.

Along Broadway

We liked:

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE
SWEET ADELINE
BIRD IN HAND
JOURNEY'S END
LITTLE SHOW
STREET SCENE
IT'S A WISE CHILD
BERKELEY SQUARE
FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN
SONS O' GUNS
MICHAEL AND MARY

We found entertaining:

METEOR
HEADS UP
SKETCH BOOK
CANDLE-LIGHT
JUNE MOON
WAKE UP AND DREAM
FIRST MRS. FRASER
BITTER SWEET

We can't recommend:

STREET SINGER
CRIMINAL CODE
A WONDERFUL NIGHT
MENDEL INC.
YOUNG SINNERS
SALT WATER
TOP SPEED
WOOF WOOF

But the truth isn't in them.

It's too bad. For *Waterloo Bridge* is well done. If you are still in the freshman stage, you may like it.

No such juvenile air overhangs Edwin Justus Mayer's *Children of Darkness* at the Biltmore. Wit, perception and the fine Italian hand of the artist has written this play of tattered nobility and horrible, hypocritical rascals. Epigram plays over it like intellectual lightning. So swiftly

do the finely fashioned phrases fall from the lips of gaolers, fallen noblemen, thieves and poets that the mind is hard put to it to distinguish glittering jewels of poetic truth from gleaming imitation pearls of sophistry.

But through it runs, if ever so mud-died, the genuine current of human nature. Artistically speaking, no irritating drop of water colour discolours the gloomy rich oils with which the scene is depicted. One atmosphere tint surrounds the play and the characters—the ragged haggard gallant with the sentimental impulses; the untouched, idealistic poet; the noble lord in prison for murder by poison; the Uriah Heep-like goaler with his sluttish daughter; the master thief.

It might be a painting by an old Dutch Master—of a dream induced by Fielding and Oscar Wilde, wherein the cruelty of passion and the conflict of impulse lay caught on each separate face.

Does it repel you?

Well, there is a very pretty turn to the story—which Mr. Mayer has unfolded with uncommon skill. And it is an antidote for all Pollyanna drama. A house beside Newgate Prison, in the year 1725, with Mary Ellis and Basil Sydney as well cast as they were in *Becky Sharp*—which means good acting.

And now Death himself strides on our stage, to suffer human pangs and experience human desires, to jest and threaten, to fall in love and make the

blood of week end guests run cold—or as cold as Philip Merivale can contrive to chill it. *Death Takes a Holiday* is the name of this adventure. And, frankly we think less of Death—if this be he—than we did before.

The play is built around a magnificent idea, treated by an author who shows himself to be neither a first rate poet nor an adequate dramatist but just an ordinary story teller. And yet, if you haven't thought much about Death, there's a chance you might like it.

CRITICAL CLAMOR

By Metropolitan Experts

WATERLOO BRIDGE

"An old, old story, venerable as history itself." Brown, *Post.* "His latest play, which is also his best." Littell, *World.* "A whole lot of talk, and not much else." Garland, *Tel.* "If you have tears, prepare to shed them over *Waterloo Bridge*." Gabriel, *Amer.* "Overladen with a cheap and callow jocularly." Ruhl, *Her-Trib.* "Sophomoric in its point of view." Atkinson, *Times.*

CHILDREN OF DARKNESS

"The freest, meaningful writing that has been spoken in the theatre this season." Atkinson, *Times.* "It is all artificial, of course." Ruhl, *Her-Trib.* "Refreshing, but a little long to listen to." Littell, *World.* "A smouldering story, grim . . . pas-

sionate . . . sardonic." Gabriel, *Am.* "A play on words . . . too many words." Lockridge, *Sun.* "As unsullied by concessions to sentimentality as it is skilful in its recreation of the literary spirit of another period." Brown, *Post.*

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY

"Always fascinating, always a leap in the dark." Lockridge, *Sun.* "One of those allegories you used to take part in in Sunday School." Brown, *Post.* "A brave, provocative play, produced with skill, beauty and understanding." Garland, *Tel.* "Pedestrian writing . . . Finger tips workmanship on a theme of great scope." Atkinson, *Times.* "An uncommonly interesting work." Watts, *Her-Trib.*

The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"Navy Blues"

IF DOROTHY DIX, Beatrice Fairfax and all our other heartache specialists were to collaborate, they might produce such a film as *Navy Blues* in which the blonde, baby-stare Anita Page falls in love with that gay, wisecracking sailor, William Haines. Her mother disapproves of sailors and won't let him in the house, so Anita meets him secretly, finally running away with him. The next day Mr. Haines goes back to his ship, and when he returns two months later he finds Miss Page chucking a big business man under the chin in a night club. "It's too late, I'm a bad girl," moans Miss Page, but Mr. Haines grandly waves such considerations aside and, returning for the parental blessing, prepares to be married the next day.

As you may have observed, all these goings-on give the smart-cracking Bill Haines comparatively few chances to trip people up and pull out neckties. In other words, Haines is becoming a little more like a human being and a little less like an animated comic strip. But he and Miss Page make love beautifully, and his funny scenes, particularly those with Karl Dane, keep his audiences laughing pretty consistently. In fact, this is one of the best pictures Haines has made in many months.

"Glorifying the American Girl"

Outside theatres where this film is showing you will see listed the names of such notables as Mary Eaton, Eddie Cantor, Helen Morgan, Rudy Vallee and Dan Healy. Inside the theatre you will see another movie depicting the joys and trials of backstage life as it has been lived in the films ever since *The Broadway Melody*. Miss Eaton sings and dances with Ziegfeldian grace, and Eddie Cantor's skit is often funny, but the film as a whole is quite dull. It is said Paramount paid Ziegfeld a small fortune for the use of his

phrase, "Glorifying the American Girl." A new plot would have been worth a lot more. By the way, if Rudy Vallee appears at all in this film, he entirely escaped this reviewer's attention. Perhaps he was concealed somewhere in the seaweed in the big undersea scenes—an excellent idea.

"Her Private Affair"

Next to Greta Garbo, Ann Harding is this department's particular failing. Usually the understanding is that Miss Harding can do no wrong, even in a bad play. *Her Private Affair*, made from a bad Broadway stage play called *The Right to Kill*, is hardly what you could call a good talkie. It is one of the most static and pictorially uninteresting pictures of the past year—except, of course, those visions of the lovely Miss Harding. The plot closely resembles that of *Blackmail*, a British talkie. The beautiful, neglected wife has a flirtation with a scoundrel who later blackmails her. Pressed for money she kills him in self defense. His servant is accused and tried, but she later confesses all and the end is happy.

True Story

These are the absolute facts concerning a young lady who recently reviewed films in New York. Fired with high ideals, she daily wrote brave and caustic comment in an attempt to bring the cinema to its proper place among the arts. For some years she labored, studied, and com-

posed "constructive" criticism. Then, she went to Hollywood and saw the master minds at work and at play. After a week in the studios she threw up her job, and sailed as far away from the movies as possible, ending up in a grass skirt in the Fiji Islands in the middle of the South Pacific. She says she likes it down there because nobody ever talks about his "Art" or her "Public."

Worth Seeing

Devil May Care: A mild operetta with Ramon Novarro singing pleasantly.

Disraeli: George Arliss in a faithful reproduction of his notable stage success.

The Laughing Lady: Adult, civilized entertainment with Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook.

The Love Parade: Maurice Chevalier in Lubitsch's generally good musical film.

The Taming of the Shrew: Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford throwing things at each other in Shakespeare's comedy.

The Virginian: A grand western talkie with Gary Cooper giving a fine performance.

Not So Good

The Mighty: George Bancroft as a crook who becomes chief of police.

No, No, Nanette: Film edition of antique musical show, the singing is good.

Sally: Marilyn Miller dances beautifully, but musical show plots on the screen are dull.

The Show of Shows: Everybody in Hollywood running past the camera.



EXPERTNESS of authors and VARIETY of subjects make the **HOLT RELIGIOUS LIST** for 1930 well worth watching.



A few samples: C. J. Wright's **MIRACLE IN HISTORY AND IN MODERN THOUGHT** will be ready in late January. (The recent Malden incidents show that miracles are still interesting—and baffling.) ♦ Mid-February will bring **EXPLORING RELIGION WITH EIGHT YEAR OLDS**, by Helen Firman Sweet and Sophia Lyon Fahs. ♦ February will see also Mrs. Elliott's **UNDERSTANDING THE ADOLESCENT GIRL**. ♦ Dr. Tittle's **THE FOOLISHNESS OF PREACHING** will follow shortly. ♦ Then, a Lenten book, **ARMOR OF LIGHT**, by Mygatt and Wither-spoon, whom you will remember as the authors of **THE GLORIOUS COMPANY**. ♦ Professor Bacon's **STUDIES IN MATTHEW** will be published in the later spring. ♦ And there are a few others. Watch this column for announcements.



"I think **ROBBING YOUTH OF ITS RELIGION** is a book that should be read by parents, teachers, preachers, and young men everywhere who can put their hands on it," writes Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. ♦ The author is James F. Halliday; the price, \$2. ♦ (It's a good book for young women, too.)



TWO new comments on Georgia Harkness' **CONFLICTS IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT (\$2)** ♦ Professor William K. Wright of Dartmouth writes: "I would not have supposed it possible to compress so much solid philosophical discussion in a volume written in so clear and elementary exposition." ♦ And Professor Edwin Lewis of Drew calls it "a fine piece of work—sane, positive, constructive, thorough, and withal exceedingly readable."



IN The Christian Century of December 4, 1929, Dr. W. E. Garrison exclaimed, "Brethren, read this book!" ♦ He referred, of course, to H. Richard Niebuhr's **SOCIAL SOURCES OF DENOMINATIONALISM. (\$2.50)**

Order from your bookseller or from

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY
One Park Avenue, New York

HOLT

O'Keeffe

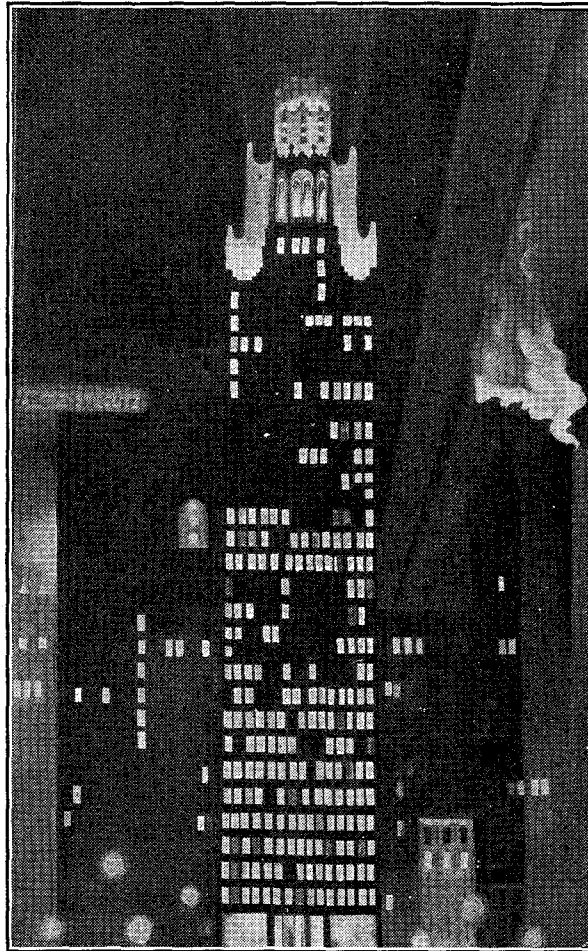
By ARTHUR STRAWN

WHEN Georgia O'Keeffe was nineteen years old she decided she would never be a painter. Disgusted with the barren formalism of art as it had been presented to her at the Chicago Art Institute and the Art Students' League in New York, she packed away her brushes. For almost ten years she wandered about the country. She did commercial drawing for advertising agencies in Chicago. She taught drawing in Virginia and in the public schools of Texas. Then one day in 1915 when she was twenty-eight years old she was seized by an intense desire to paint flowers, and her nine years of self-imposed exile from painting came to an end. Today her pictures hang in the Brooklyn Museum, the Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington and in numerous private collections. Two years ago a group of five paintings of lilies were acquired by a collector for \$25,000. She is now referred to by eminent authority as America's most original contemporary painter.

When O'Keeffe had completed a number of those flower sketches in Texas, she sent them to a friend in New York, asking the girl for an opinion and telling her to destroy them when they had been looked at. The pictures, O'Keeffe insisted, should be shown to no one. The girl was so moved by the sketches, however, that she was tempted to show them to Alfred Stieglitz, whose famous gallery then at 291 Fifth Avenue had been the first haven of modern art in the United States. Stieglitz was instantly captivated by the original quality of the pictures, and in spite of the young lady's warning that there would be trouble when O'Keeffe heard of it, insisted on exhibiting them. When O'Keeffe learned what had happened she hastened to New York in a fury and demanded to know by what right Stieglitz had exhibited her work without permission. Before she left the studio she had agreed to send him all her future work to exhibit.

Two years later she returned to New York to live. She rented a little room on Fifty-ninth Street and spent the next two years painting and living on money she had borrowed. In 1920 her first big show was held at the Anderson

Galleries. Her pictures were mainly of two kinds: flower studies, in which an entire canvas might be devoted to a single corolla, or to one huge blossom interior; and abstract designs of



Peter A. Juley

RADIATOR BUILDING, 1927

By Georgia O'Keeffe

swirling color and line which were not meant to be literal representations of anything, but were emotional expressions in terms of paint.

What she had actually done was independently to discover for herself the same modern freedom of expression achieved by Europeans like Matisse and Picasso. There was some critical division of opinion over her work, then as now, although a growing familiarity with the painting of the French moderns had to some extent paved the way for her acceptance. But the preponderant opinion was that a new and important force in American art had been released. The exhibition was a success and the paintings sold.

In 1924 O'Keeffe and the man who had first exhibited her paintings without permission were married, and the fifteenth anniversary of that first exhibition will be celebrated by them next

month with a showing of her paintings at the new Stieglitz gallery on Madison Avenue.

They make their home in an apartment on the thirtieth floor of the Shelton Hotel in New York. There in a studio that looks down upon the geometric pattern of streets and buildings Georgia O'Keeffe sits at her easel—and paints flowers. Although she is most famous for her pictures of flowers, which form the subject or motif of most of her canvases, they are far from being the only subject of her paintings, and her landscapes made during a recent visit to New Mexico and paintings lately made at her summer home at Lake George will play a prominent part in her forthcoming exhibition.

For all the original and striking quality of her paintings, O'Keeffe herself is a person free of all affectation and those personal idiosyncrasies common to most artists. She is tall, slender, has gray eyes and jet-black long hair which she wears in a knot on her neck. Almost invariably she dresses entirely in black. Her external life is extremely simple. Her days are given over to painting, and when the light begins to fade in the afternoon she usually takes a walk. She reads very little and rarely attends the theatre, but is extremely fond of music and thinks that singing is probably the most desirable, because the most direct, form of artistic expression. She was born on a farm in Wisconsin of an Irish father and a Hungarian mother. She has never been abroad.

In attempting to describe O'Keeffe dates and events are of practically no importance, for her life is an inner life to which facts seem peculiarly irrelevant. It is a life lived within the realm of her own emotions and thoughts, and except for the routine gestures of existence, she comes out of that world only to convey some message from it to canvas. Simple in appearance and manner, there is yet some indescribable quality about her that immediately brands her as a personality. In no way aggressive, she would stand out in any group by sheer force of character. There is in her personality something that makes one eager to know her paintings; and her paintings are such that one is soon moved to speculate on the personality that created them. There are few artists of which that can be said.

From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Other One

THEY HAD been friends for so long—companions through so many difficult years—that it was hard to believe they were not the same person.

The little one, humped over in the chair, seemed the more dejected of the two. But the larger one, tired and old and shrunken, sitting on the edge of the forlorn bed, knew that it was not so. His companion, through their long association, had developed a lively personality of his own, and a disposition so cheerful that he had got them out of many a scrape almost as bad as this one.

The man on the bed averted his eyes, for there was only one way now that his small friend could be of use to him. As he stared at the carpet, considering how to get rid of him—how to dispose of the body—he was filled with a misery worse than the hunger that pressed him so hard. After all, the little fellow had never cost him much, helpless and dependent though he was. The suit he was wearing—why it was the same suit he had bought him twelve years before when they had signed that swell contract calling for a tour of the states. His keep had never amounted to anything—hadn't they always gone two in a room for the price of one? And if there was ever any trouble about it, it was the little fellow that put it over, what with his wheedling ways and making folks laugh. And as for his appetite—he smiled furtively and raised his eyes. His appetite was a joke.

"I'd ought to be able to think of something," came a high voice, cheerful and quavering, "there had ought to be something original I ain't thought of"—the voice trailed into silence as the listener moved towards the closet.

"Don't be a fool," he said roughly, "I guess I know when we're beat. A pair a bums. A pair o' cast off vaudeville actors. Bad enough for one—worse for two."

"Just the same," piped up the cheerful voice, "there's always a new trick if you can think of it. My brains has come in handy many a time before this—"

The other turned from the closet with a suitcase in his hand.

"Brains!" he cried tragically, "the trouble with you is you ain't got no brains. You're a boob—and I'm an-

other." And staring down into the earnest, wistful face below him, he closed his two hands about the other's neck. "Do you hear?" he shouted. "We're licked. It's one of us or both!"—

The suitcase, as he lugged it along the street, was almost too heavy for him. And all the time his thoughts chased each other desperately. How was he going to get rid of it? He would hock it—suitcase and all—locked up and lost the key—but he would not look again at what was inside. All he cared about in the world—always cheering him up—or turning a joke—what was he going to do now? And how was he ever going to get the thing anywhere with this pain in his stomach?

"Hey, you! Drop that suitcase!" At the sudden voice behind him the tired man nearly pitched forward onto the pavement. Then he straightened up again.

"Let me be," he said wearily, without turning his head, "I got troubles enough already."

But a patrol wagon was standing beside him at the curb; two detectives had him by the arms. One of them was searching him for the key of the suitcase—had stopped to unlock it. He closed his eyes at the sudden exclamation. Yes—that had been a cry of horror!

But as they hustled him inside the wagon, he still protested "Oh! let me be—I say, you dicks—you don't understand—"

And at that moment, from the suitcase came a quivering voice. "You leave my old man be! You hear me? My old man's all right. You leave him be!"

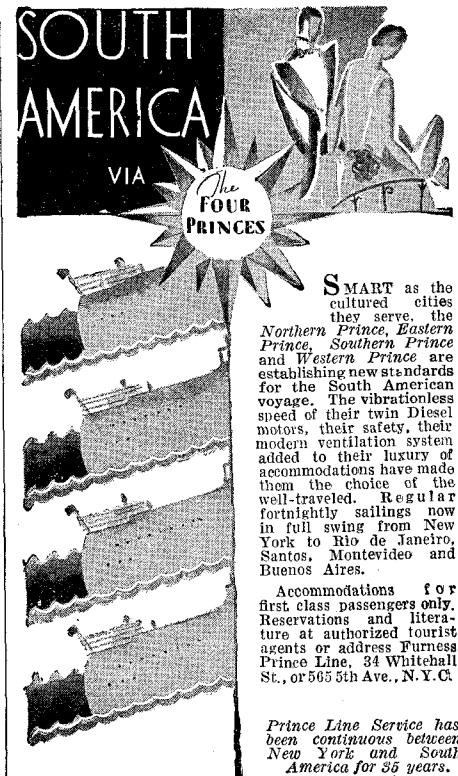
At the sound of that voice the detectives turned a pale and sickening green. The braver of them leaned forward slowly and opened wide the suitcase. And out upon his nose tumbled the little fellow.

"Hey!" he cried delightedly in his high and cheerful voice, "my old man ain't hurt nobody. You leave him be!"

At the sound of that beloved voice tears sprang to the ventriloquist's eyes. He clasped his time worn dummy to his heart and spoke to the detectives in a voice that was husky with its burden of shame.

"I was going to hock it," he muttered.

But the detectives were struggling



SOUTH AMERICA
VIA **The FOUR PRINCES**

SMART as the cultured cities they serve, the *Northern Prince*, *Southern Prince*, *Eastern Prince*, *Western Prince* are establishing new standards for the South American voyage. The vibrationless speed of their twin Diesel motors, their safety, their modern ventilation system added to their luxury of accommodations have made them the choice of the well-traveled. Regular fortnightly sailings now in full swing from New York to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo and Buenos Aires.

Accommodations for first class passengers only. Reservations and literature at authorized tourist agents or address Furness Prince Line, 34 Whitehall St., or 565 5th Ave., N. Y. C.

Prince Line Service has been continuous between New York and South America for 35 years.

FURNESS Prince LINE

Of special interest for readers of the *Outlook and Independent*

Mrs. Eddy

The Biography of a Virginal Mind

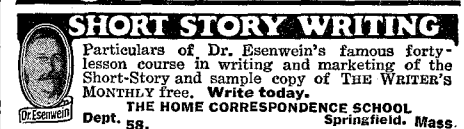
By
Edwin Franden Dakin

This highly praised book is on sale in almost all bookstores, but because of strenuous opposition of followers of Mary Baker Eddy it has been banned from some. If you do not find it readily available, a copy can be purchased direct from the publishers.

\$5.00 at all complete bookstores

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York

THE OUTLOOK RECOMMENDS



SHORT STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today.

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 58. Springfield, Mass.

with their own emotions—with the contents of their pockets—with pressing something into the hands of the actor.

In the furnished room once more, the two friends sat and stared at each other. The larger one looked fondly at the little fellow slumped over in his chair.

"Brains!" he said, admiringly. "And I said you had no brains!"

▶▶ "Yolanda of Cyprus" ◀◀

A New American Grand Opera

NO BED of roses confronts the American composer who would venture a grand opera. First of all, a good libretto is about as easily found as the Philosopher's Stone. Librettists, even when possessed of real literary and poetic gifts, are for the most part abysmally ignorant of the most rudimentary requirements of musical declamation. For their shortcomings the English tongue is usually blamed, but many fine song settings of selected verse furnish effective refutation.

Should the composer achieve the difficult feat of having his work performed in any of our large cities, the press will tend to be hostile, not through malice, but because reviewers are required to be entertaining at all costs, and experience has taught them that the public is more interested in clever detraction than in balanced appraisal. They will instinctively look at the hole rather than the doughnut, making blasé reference to

"just another American opera." The ensuing depreciation will then depend on the character of the music; if it be melodious, the composer is imitating Wagner, Puccini or Strauss, if it have a Gregorian flavor, Debussy or Mousorgsky. Reminiscence hunting is always easy, even with the greatest composers, and conveys a proper impression of the critic's erudition. There are, however, a few heartening exceptions to this, such as Mr. W. J. Henderson.

In reality, the reef which is strewn with the wrecks of American grand opera argosies is lack of stagecraft on the part of composer and librettist. For this form of art true theatrical instinct is as necessary as musical ability. Up to the present, most of the attempts have the earmarks of the concert hall rather than the stage.

Decidedly refreshing in this respect is *Yolanda of Cyprus*, by Clarence Loomis and Cale Young Rice, produced at the Casino by the American Opera Company. This is a work entirely

suitable for the theatre;—having a simple and direct plot, a text not musically impracticable, and singable voice parts. The music has considerable dramatic expressiveness, an easy and practised flow, and, at several points, becomes forceful and convincing. The thematic material, though ably handled, suffers on the whole from lack of incisiveness, with the notable exception of the fine and rather grim motive which opens the excellent orchestral prelude, and of which Mr. Loomis makes effective use later. He avoids too much, I think, the element of sensuous beauty, which is so essential if only for contrast. The choral passages in the cathedral scene are splendidly written, but prolonged a *cappella* writing, without occasional orchestral reminders of the tonality, inevitably result, as in this case, in a falling in pitch on the part of the chorus.

The singing of nearly all the cast is highly creditable, having a too rarely

found freshness and gusto. Particularly pleasing was the work of Natalie Hall, Charles Kullman and John Moncrieff. The last named deepened the fine impression made by his Mephisto in Gounod's shopworn *Faust*, and revealed qualities presaging a distinguished career. The chorus sang with good tone and precision of attack. The orchestral accompaniment, though vigorous in rhythm, was much too loud. This was especially true of the brass choir, which often attained the point of actual blatancy, thus rendering the text of the opera almost totally unintelligible.

The *mise en scene* by Robert Edmond Jones deserves unstinted praise. In its effective simplicity of composition, lighting and color, as well as its strict elimination of superfluous and annoying detail, it could teach a needed lesson to a more pretentious institution which is not ten miles distant from the Casino.

MARSHALL KERNOCHAN.

With Our Readers

(Continued from Page 122)

ington?" Would it not be well to imagine yourself President of the United States (I would not vote for you) and ask this question.

Your position on the prohibition issue seems to me fatuous. Like other "wets" you fail to recognize that there is no ideal way of dealing with the liquor business. It has always been lawless since the beginning of times and always will be. The innocence of babes! to think that those who sell or those who drink intoxicating beverages will ever be law-abiding. No change in the law will bring about this miracle. Meanwhile could you not gather up a little moral passion to fulminate against the real evil—intemperance? I would only ask that you show one-half the zeal in fighting intemperance that you show in fighting the Volstead Act.

OLIVER D. SEWALL

▶▶ The King's English

Fresno, California

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I read Mr. Porterfield's article on Dreiser with considerable amusement and a bit of wrath. In it he berates the Professor. Now I am one of those lamentable wretches called professors; yet for the past fifteen years I have extolled Dreiser to my classes. I confess to a liking for good English, but his bad grammar has never bothered me, nor have I let it bother my students. I tell them that it is not how a novelist says it, but what he means that is the vital factor. Mr. Porterfield, be merciful on us poor, old pedagogs!

G. H. HUNTING

▶▶ On With the Dance

Kalamazoo, Michigan

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I who am very little if any a dancer myself will say as a younger man that I don't think it requires any more clothes, or long skirts for a woman to be a great dancer any more than it would require more clothes or skirts on men to be great dancers.

Also not only does the waltz go on forever, but the foxtrot as well, it seems for the foxtrot has survived the one-step, the charleston and other dances, and even now is more popular in most cases than the waltz.

ERNEST UNDERKIRCHER



Woodcut by Clare Leighton in "Letters to Women" by Joseph Auslander (Harper)

Divorce

(Continued from Page 143)

which such are to have the struggle for existence carried on for them by others is anti-social. For these others are the Forgotten People who, as Sumner long ago asserted, have the qualities that we all ought to have—are the fit, so far as society's persistence is concerned.

That birth-control stands to remove a traditional impediment to light-mindedness is an instance of how an inevitable adjustment may have its outs. The family is the unit of any society and its instability cannot but be reflected in the aggregate of which it is the component. If any nation, or society as a whole, is to endure, children must be born and reared under the responsibility of those who are accountable for them. Trained celibate females in a large building will not do, even if somebody did not have to pay them and maintain the barracks. That much of our home-training is wholly asinine is irrelevant to the question; the mass-rearing proposed by certain sibyls would be as donkeyfied in equally important respects.

The place to take hold of this issue of divorce is by insisting, if we can, upon less irresponsibility in entering wedlock. There is no use in the harmonization of divorce-laws unless they are all to be tuned to the demand for responsibility. Even so, as we now know from the grotesque history of prohibition, there is still that formidable question of enforcement. Should divorcees be hunted by a coast-guard posse and shot down, together with monogamous couples who may happen to be sojourning in Reno on private and lawful business?

I have a comfortable colleague whose formula is: "This too will pass." Much of the sex-irregularity of the present, including the talk about the right—nay, the duty—of following any stray lust of the human heart, is due to pseudo-scientific books and prurient fiction. People will get sick of exploring their respective brands of *libido*, after a while, for, though it is now an attractive novelty to realize that one has these potentialities, and a diversion to get them out and talk about them, there is a saving common sense that remains latent beneath popular follies and keeps them from going to the limit. Such comfort, like my colleague's, may seem tepid; but discretion has difficulty in dishing up hot programs for blessing mankind, or even for saving it from itself. Other follies, such as witchcraft, have died out as

common sense, plus a sense of the ridiculous, has prevailed.

There is no use in fulminating against divorce. There will always be, and ought to be, some of it. There will be the least of it where there is the minimum of frivolous lightness in contracting the matrimonial relation; and there will be less flightiness, here as elsewhere, if the young are taught about their duties and responsibilities, instead of about their rights to enjoy at the expense of others and of society at large. Our chief defect nowadays is failure to realize that self-limitation and discipline are at least as expedient as liberty.

Our Booming Beauty Business

(Continued from Page 135)

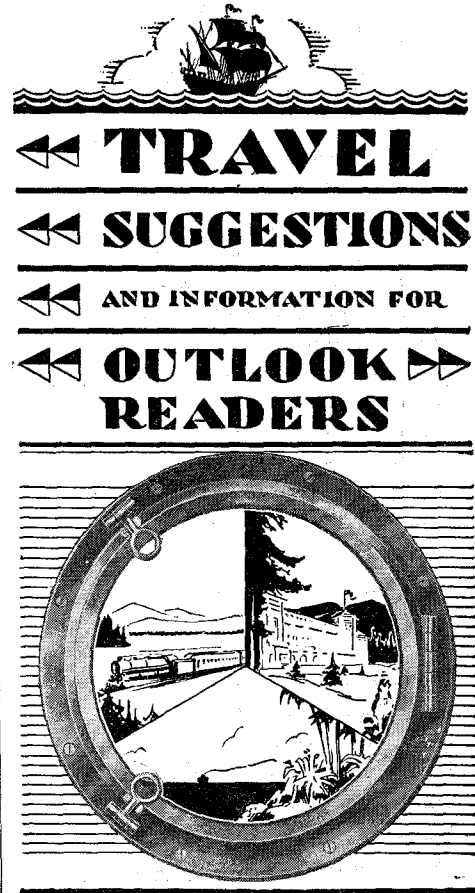
C. Woodward, M. D., L.L.M., director of the bureau on legal medicine and legislation of the American Medical Association, said:

"At a meeting of the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association in Chicago, 1924, a resolution was adopted that committed the American Medical Association to the fostering of legislation placing cosmetic preparations under the Food and Drug Act, requiring the placing of the names of all poisonous ingredients on the labels, and prohibiting the use of the most harmful types of ingredients in cosmetics. A committee was appointed to carry this policy into effect. An effort has been made to arrive at an understanding with the manufacturers and distributors of cosmetic preparations with respect to the details of the legislation to be enacted, in the hope of thereby facilitating the enactment of such legislation. Some of the most important interests in the cosmetic industry have co-operated with the Association in its efforts, but another group seems to be irrevocably opposed to any restrictions by law of their right to manufacture and sell cosmetics of any kind whatever and label them as they see fit.

"So far as the American Medical Association is concerned, however, the matter is still pending, although it has been submerged recently by other matters."

Still trying to trace a fire where there was so much billowing smoke, I went to Dr. Pabst himself so that I might learn further of the perils that await unfortunate women who try to make themselves look a little better than Nature evidently intended.

If Dr. Pabst were not a man of science it might be possible to hint that he hedged. Through a long interview



... HAWAII and the SOUTH SEA ISLANDS offer tremendous intrigue to the traveler who enjoys the unusual. Hawaii... fittingly called Paradise Isles is fringed with emerald seas and coral-white beaches ¶ Rich and varied scenes spread magic panorama ... native life ... the graceful outrigger canoe ... golf ... polo ... surf-riding. Orientals in quaint garb in the rice fields ... flaming blossoms ... great volcanoes ... yawning gorges ... ribboned water-falls ... rushing streams and brilliant hued fish. Great banyans and royal palms. Gardens ¶ Then further down on the Pacific ... Fiji ... Samoa ... and further still Australia ... and Java. Real tropics ... customs new to us but age-old in usage ... Temples ... picturesque Javanese women in their wrap-around batik costumes ¶ Odd luscious fruits that pique our Western palates. A spell-binding journey never to be forgotten. Write us for booklets and ways and means of visiting these Islands of Enchantment ¶

◀ EVA R. DIXON *Director*

◀ OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU

120 E. 16TH ST. NEW YORK

Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

THE LARGE SECTION of this country commonly referred to as the "hinterland," the "provinces" or even the "sticks" cannot, strangely enough, be defined geographically, but only economically. It is that part of the country back of and underneath the city centers which control markets and money rates. In the leading article of the next issue, "The Future of the Hinterland," Emily Newell Blair, a frequent contributor to the Outlook and Independent, discusses the relation of this "back country" to the financial centers and speculates as to its future development.



EVERYBODY will agree, we think that the recent series of prison uprisings has conclusively demonstrated the need for reform. Unfortunately nobody seems to know just what to do about it. In "What Makes a Criminal?" Joseph Lilly shows how little understood the whole subject of penology is. The few facts already established lead, unfortunately, to no definite conclusions. Mr. Lilly is a member of the staff of the New York Telegram.



PROHIBITION HAS NOT made life any easier for the Coast Guard nor has it helped the service's reputation. Willard Cooper, however, thinks that much of the obloquy heaped upon the Coast Guard following the recent killing of three rum-runners near New London is undeserved. His article, "For the Coast Guard," takes up the cudgels for the service. Mr. Cooper is editor of *The Day* at New London.



FOLLOWING UP his article in last week's issue on the subject of naval parity, Henry Kittredge Norton will further discuss the problem of naval disarmament. Mr. Norton's next article, "The Perils of Parity," explains the danger inherent in Italy's insistence on equality with France in the Mediterranean and in France's refusal to accept any limitation of submarine construction.

he continued to maintain that pure castile soap and water were much better for the skin than any number of cosmetics but he refused to be pinned down when questioned as to just how much complexion damage is done by the preparations that women use so lavishly. Only in discussion of black hair dyes was he positive in his statements.

"A strong dye is necessary to blacken gray hair," he said. "Few scalps are able to resist the action of the chemicals which are used. Lead, mercury and silver nitrate are the substances most commonly employed, and all of these are extremely irritating to the skin, and highly poisonous."

Otherwise, he admitted, the majority of manufacturers are playing safe for future trade and good-will by leaving out poisonous ingredients from their sweet-smelling products. For the most part, it appears, women can go on using the beauty aids with no suffering except to the pocketbook.

If Dr. Pabst failed to provide me with a sensational exposé, however, he did supply me with a statement that somehow delights every male to whom I've imparted it.

"I have never had a woman patient," said the dermatologist, "who was satisfied with the shape of her nose."

God, 1930

(Continued from Page 146)

apparently original expression. The Golden Rule may therefore be taken as the keynote of whatever system we may care to adopt; the details of that system so directed as to have the radiant awareness of the free mind as its ideal state of being. This condition, consonant with biologic evolution in its latest stage and with the most advanced specimens of genus homo, is confirmed by science, history and art.

Our ethical concepts and moral code when regulated with this end in mind become at once biologically and artistically valid, and that such validity is essential to successful living and so to successful religion there can be no doubt. The whole problem of morality in this phase has no place in speculative thinking. It depends rather upon psychologic and psychological research. The endowment recently given to Yale University may in the course of time supply us with the measurements upon which the ultimate statement can be made.

I have attempted thus far to indicate a basis whereon a rational being may approach the problem of religion. I have also indicated the functions of morality as that course in life which

enables us, while recognizing the demands of human society, so to direct life so as to fulfill its supreme function which is the cultivation of universal consciousness. It is my belief that we are propelled in this pursuit not from conscious choice so much as by biologic development, that such a course is essential to the realization of adult life in its fullest state. Lacking it, in whatever degree, we can never reach this complete self-realization but must retrogress toward the lower orders of life intellectually and spiritually.

However, the pursuit of this development implies a method—or at least a method would simplify its realization. So far as I have observed the American scene, religion as an art is recognized by so few as to be practically unknown. Our generation when it turns to the idea of religion saying "I would like to believe in God" resembles closely the child who sees a piano and says "I would like to be a musician." In either case few achieve a realization of their whim; for the life of an artist demands incessant application and yields little direct reward. In music, there are arpeggios, scales, harmony, counterpoint and other matters involving skill and learning to be acquired. And in religion? Surely there are parallel techniques—one of which is prayer—but the occidental art of religion is in its infancy: it has not been analyzed and broken down into its component parts. There is a problem here for the psychologist—a most difficult, most subtle problem—for the religionist has no tools other than himself with which to work, no paints, no violin, no pen.

I do not wish to imply that religion is for the artist, adept or genius alone, for I do not believe that music, as an interpretive art, is for the virtuoso alone. I am certain that the boy is having, if not giving pleasure, who plays jazz by ear. We should realize that, although "many are called and few are chosen," this fact does not exclude from the religious life those who find happiness in it.

In the final analysis, it seems to me that the ever increasing awareness, indicated in the evolutionary process, reveals a field of unlimited development for man and his successors. Unless he becomes aware, even dimly, of the ultimate relationship involved, he tends to become disheartened by the multiplicity of the world. He fails to see the forest for the trees. Peace of heart and mind can only be arrived at through a dynamic awareness of the cosmos and its trend; and, since success in any or

(Please Turn to Page 160)

A Prohibitionist Faces Facts

(Continued from Page 128)

of liquor is in no way dependent upon the traffic in it: that even if we did increase our effectiveness in suppressing the latter, the only effect would be to increase its home production. Our next job would be to stop its being made in the homes. Hence it becomes a matter of interest to get some idea as to the number of those against whom our efforts would be directed.

From an extensive survey made by the Committee of Fifty, they estimated that of our adult male population about twenty per cent were total abstainers, fifty per cent were occasional drinkers, twenty-five per cent regular moderate drinkers, and five per cent were "positively intemperate in the sense that they drank to such excess as to cause evident injury to health." During this period (1893-1902), our per capita consumption of liquor was about 1.30 gallons of absolute alcohol.

For the period 1911-16 our per capita consumption was about

1.60 gallons, an increase of over twenty per cent. It is likely that part of this increase was due to more general drinking among women and young people. However, it would appear that the proportion of adult males who drank to some extent was at least as great as during the former period, eighty per cent of the total number.

During the War the production of liquor was severely curtailed and the tax on it greatly increased. The result was a decreased consumption (along with that of sugar, flour, and other restricted items). But, with our return to normalcy, there was a reaction from that spirit which had made virtues out of sacrifice and deprivation; and ever since then

the trend has been toward a greater freedom in satisfying our desires. Also we must remember that our younger men who were overseas during the War were in countries where drinking had always been far more general than here, and where it had never been considered a moral question. Hence, on their return home it is only natural that their influence would have been rather toward the use of liquor than toward abstinence, aside from the fact that prohibition had been adopted with-

prise about eighty per cent of our adult males (plus an indeterminate number of women and young people). On the basis of our present estimated population, this gives us about thirty million adult males. They represent about twenty million homes.

Consequently it will be seen that our ultimate problem of suppressing the use of liquor would resolve itself into this: How would we stop it from being made in twenty million homes? Does not our common-sense tell us how hopeless would be this undertaking?

Of course we would accomplish a great good if we could do away with all use of liquor (as is true of coffee and tea and tobacco). But the accomplishment of this is wholly a question of practical expediency; whether it can be done most effectively by legal force or by education and moral suasion. We have tried to do it by legal force; and, if we would be intellectually honest we must admit that we have been attempting the impossible.

What are we going to do about it? Are we going to continue in our blind pur-

suit of the unattainable? How far are we willing to go to secure practical and effective enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment? How deeply are we interested in removing the terrible scourge which afflicts our country today, with all its criminal ramifications, and its blighting influence on the moral fibre of our people? Shall we stubbornly persist in declining the opportunity to accomplish anything, simply because we cannot get all we want? Or shall we relinquish the lesser part which is beyond our reach, in order to gain our major object,—the destruction of that monster which is eating at the vitals of our social body?

It is squarely up to us. What are we going to do about it?



Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion

FAMILY DRINKING IN THE '50's

Sybil's Cave, at Hoboken, N. J.

out their having had any voice in the matter.

Nor must we overlook our much-discussed younger generation. Expressing it conservatively, they have not shown evidence of being more inclined to respect law or convention than were our pre-Prohibition youth.

So, when we consider all these factors, it is difficult to see why we should have had any material decrease in the proportionate number of those who *desire* to drink. And our experience indicates that the enactment of Prohibition has not had any appreciable effect in the way of a curb on their willingness to gratify that desire. The conclusion therefore appears reasonable that those who today are *inclined* to drink com-

Outlook and Independent Classified Section

COPY for Feb. 26 issue, due on or before
Feb. 12. Phone Stuyvesant 7874 . .
or write

THE OUTLOOK CO.
120 EAST 16th ST. NEW YORK CITY

Rates for
Classified
Advertisements
60 Cents a
Line

Where to Buy or Sell—Where to
Travel—How to Travel
Use this Section to Fill Your Wants

Hotels and Resorts

Bermuda

Where the clientele is selected—

PRINCESS HOTEL BERMUDA

Now Open
Cable Address: Princess, Bermuda
Summer and Fall Resort
HOTEL ASPINWALL - Lenox, Mass.

Florida

FLOREDEN—318 President Street, Dunedin, Florida. Special care and cooking given convalescent or aged people. Near Hotel Fenway. Pay and Park. Fruit on place. Heated rooms. Rates reasonable. Miss M. Frost.

Massachusetts

**HOTEL
LENOX
IN BOSTON**
Write to Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau for rates, bookings, and details.

New York

Hotel LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Superior accommodations. Good meals. Write direct or Outlook and Independent Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

New York City

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq., New York City. Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan \$4 per day and up. European plan \$1.50 per day and up. **SAMUEL NAYLOR, MANAGER**

Tours and Travel

EUROPE Egypt—Palestine

Winter Spring
Summer

Send for Booklet

TEMPLE TOURS

447-A PARK SQUARE BLDG.,
BOSTON, MASS.

EUROPE SELECT SERVICE 1930

Earn your trip by organizing a small party. Low rates. Liberal terms. Stratford Tours, 452 Fifth Ave., New York

EUROPE 1930

The Passion Play

STANDARD TOURS \$695 UP
VACATION TOURS \$340 UP

Cruises, Bermuda, West Indies, Mediterranean, Round the World.

EGYPT, PALESTINE \$795
Winter and Spring Motor Tours

Steamship Tickets—All Lines
STRATFORD TOURS
452 Fifth Ave., New York

SPECIAL EUROPEAN TOUR FOR DOCTORS. Sails July 19. 44 Days. 6 Countries including "The Passion Play." First Cabin \$685. Congenial Group. Excellent conduction. Write C. W. Carriek, D. D. S., Oberlin, Ohio.

Real Estate

New Jersey

Spring Lake and Jersey Shore on account of Stock Market Reverses I have some very Exceptional Bargains. Now is the time to buy Jersey Shore Real Estate. Estates. Select Homes. Acreage. Hotels. Farms. Water Front Site. Exchange. Sale or Rent. **GEORGE MEDYNE**, Realtor, 514 Warren Ave., (At Railroad Station) Spring Lake, N. J.

Situations Wanted

NURSE, reliable, excellent references. desires engagement. Chronic case preferred. 9300 Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION, tutor, governess, young, cultured, to motherless girl. Vicinity New York. 9294 Outlook and Independent.

AMERICAN lady, companion-nurse, secretary, housekeeper. Capable, cultured. 9317 Outlook and Independent.

GENTLEWOMAN of cheerful disposition wishes position in any capacity in good house. Will go any part of country. small salary. 9318 Outlook and Independent.

COPYING and typing neatly and accurately done at home. Excellent references. 9319 Outlook and Independent.

HOUSEKEEPER—New England woman. Willing and capable. Excellent references. 9320 Outlook and Independent.

LADY with some training and experience desires position as manager of exclusive Motor Inn and small hotel. References. 9321 Outlook and Independent.

TRAVELED, cultured woman desires residential position as Companion, hostess, housekeeper, chaperon, secretary—Adaptable, cheerful, many interests—Country no objection. References exchanged. 9322 Outlook and Independent.

Miscellaneous

Virginia Apple Candy

Are you tired of the usual sweets? Try this refreshing Apple Candy direct from the famous orchards of the Shenandoah Valley. Made from rich red apples with Virginia black walnuts. Send dollar for full pound Apple Blossom Box, postpaid. **RIDGEWOOD FRUIT GROWERS**, Winchester, Virginia.

TO YOUNG women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a nine months nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying in Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of \$10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

Mart of the Unusual



PLAY CHESS

College Size—with instruction book—\$4.00
FULL CLUB SIZE—TEN DOLLARS
CH-BIRD—Bothlehem, Conn.

Instruction

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, permanent, interesting work, quick advancement. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite CA-5482, Washington, D. C.

How to Entertain

PLAYS. Musical comedies and revues, minstrels, comedy and talking songs, black-face skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogues, recitations, entertainments, juvenile plays and songs, musical readings, make-up goods. Catalog free. **T. S. Demison & Company**, 623 South Wabash, Dept. 74, Chicago.

USE OUR CLASSIFIED COLUMN

Rates and full details for
advertising in our Classified
Columns sent on request.

EVA R. DIXON
**OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT
TRAVEL BUREAU**
120 East 16th Street
NEW YORK CITY

God, 1930

(Continued from Page 158)

all phases of life depends upon peace founded in belief, there is today a most pressing need for a religion that is adult, being based on the observed facts of nature in their most profound phases. It is to be regretted, therefore, that religion has remained so largely medieval. Had science done so, we would still be attempting to cure disease by exorcism.

A Preface to Parity

(Continued from Page 132)

continental powers. Even though a three-power treaty contained a clause permitting an increase in the navies

covered to meet any unexpected increase by an outside power, it would still be objectionable to an important section of British opinion. The reason given is that such a clause would probably affect only Great Britain. If she felt it necessary to increase her fleet she would be required specifically to point out the power against whom she wished to build and would have to convince Japan and the United States that the designated power was building against Britain. The necessity of such a procedure would tend to sharpen, rather than allay, the international animosities of the time.

So far as the United States is concerned, there would be no grave objection on any other ground to a three-

power treaty. Our naval policy, as the whole course of our history makes clear, is a defensive one. Great Britain and Japan are for the time being our only potential opponents. So long as we may rest secure against any turn of internal politics in either of those countries, we have attained our end. The navies of France and Italy would remain a matter of indifference to us unless they should be increased beyond all present probabilities.

Any agreement with Great Britain, to be effective, however, must be part of a general plan in which France and Italy are willing participants. The relations between the three European navies are therefore of importance to us. They will be discussed in a second article.

With Our Readers

▶▶ We Join the Hi-jackers

Detroit, Michigan

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

The January *Rosary Magazine* of Somerset, Ohio, has declared war upon you and your advertisers.

Will you let its challenge go unheeded?

To advise its readers to boycott you and other magazines is bad enough, but to threaten dire revenge is more than my American sense of fair play can stand without protesting.

Some people impugn everybody's motives by criticizing them. They seem to think only themselves are sincere in their views and ideas.

A. G. LUCK.

Editor's Note: The following paragraphs quoted from an editorial in the January issue of *The Rosary Magazine*, Father M. J. Ripple, O. P. Editor-in-Chief, constitute the challenge referred to by Mr. Luck. Inasmuch as Father Ripple has in no way communicated with us either in protest or refutation we remain rather in the dark as to the nature of our alleged attack on the Catholic Church.

"It surely is a sad condition of affairs if magazines, which should be fair and open-minded and which boast of this, go out of their way to attack the Catholic Church. . .

"It seems useless to send to these magazines refutations of the biased articles that find their way into pages which not so long ago were not sullied or defiled by prejudice. It is 'love's labor lost' to attempt getting the editor's ear.

"But that does not mean that we must submit cravenly to such literary attacks upon our Faith. When we find *The Forum*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The Outlook*, *Harper's* and others printing articles which are manifestly travesties of Catholic belief and practice the best thing we can do is to refuse buying these publications, patronizing the concerns that advertise in them, passing the word around amongst our friends just who are the offenders. If a couple of thousand Catholics wrote letters of protest to the editor of an offending secular magazine, withdrawing their subscriptions or cancelling them, this would have a more sobering effect upon him than anything else imaginable.

"It will be a blessed day for America when the Catholic priest from the pulpit in the Sunday announcements takes time to mention those secular magazines which openly or secretly assail the Catholic Church. We do not refuse to fight. But we do refuse to allow our people to be

cajoled, ridiculed, insulted and misrepresented by literary and religious hi-jackers."

▶▶ No Percentage

Bridgehampton, L. I.

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Congratulations on the superb and superlative silliness of William Pickett Helm's article on "Fooling the Taxpayer." One might think the answer to it would be obvious to any one with enough knowledge of arithmetic to figure percentage; but for Mr. Helm's information attention might be called to the well-known fact that 3 per cent of \$200 is more than 4 per cent of \$100.

In more explicit language the rise in the sum of taxes collected has been due to the great increase in individual and particularly in corporate incomes between 1923 and 1929. The tax rate has been lowered and millions of persons exempted but the incomes of the remainder, corporate and personal, have so increased that a lower rate brings in more money. This result justifies the enthusiasm of the taxpayer for the economic policy of the two administrations. It's easier to pay a tax of \$6 on an income of \$200 than one of \$4 on an income of \$100.

ERNEST S. CLOWES

▶▶ Education in the South

Chattanooga, Tenn.

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I have just read the Lamentations of "Jeremiah" Knight over the benighted condition of the South and wish to mention some of the compensations.

Several of these unfortunate states went Republican in 1928 and helped to elect the greatest efficiency expert who ever occupied the White House while cultured Massachusetts voted for Alfred Smith. Was this due to ignorance? Yes I admit it. . . .

Eight or ten years ago, standing in front of the Post Office in my native village in South Carolina I read a Bulletin posted on the wall showing the percentage of illiteracy in the state by counties and expressed the opinion that the counties showing the greatest percentage of illiteracy were the best in which to live. This was not contradicted. I know it is rank heresy but it is easily explained if not approved. Labor is cheaper and more efficient and domestic service is easy to procure at reasonable

rates. At the close of the Confederate War the state of South Carolina was full of highly educated men who could not make a living. Some were educated in Harvard, Yale or Princeton and a few in England, France and Germany. Most of these are dead but their families are cultured people, charming folks to know and they read books even if Public Libraries are scarce. . . .

RANDELL W. MCBRYDE

▶▶ Free Health

Buffalo, New York

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Nearly twenty years ago I wrote for *The Survey* an editorial called "Free Health" which bears on your current article about "The Cost of Medical Care."

Because disease is both more dangerous and more contagious than ignorance I call free health more important than even free education, which once, like free health, was radical, instead of a truism.

I would leave the private doctors, like the private teachers, for the few who prefer them and can afford them. This would benefit doctors as vastly as free education has benefited teachers.

More recognition of the supreme value of both public and private health will never injure the medical profession.

FREDERIC ALMY

▶▶ Justice

Battersea Park, S. W. 11

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Having been welcomed to a friendly circle and being pointed out that I am a member of the household (see circular sent me 9th, June, 1924.) I am puzzled to understand why the Outlook of all papers should have joined in the present attack upon Mrs. Eddy. "The Life of Mary Baker Eddy," appearing in a series of articles by Springer, is put forward as a well-balanced account of her life and activities, and all we are getting is a rechauffe of numerous stories which were thrashed out and disposed of years ago, as your contributor could, with little difficulty, verify for himself or herself.

I am more than disappointed that the Outlook has allowed its columns to be used to belittle the memory of an individual whose life work has been such incalculable benefit to thousands of people.

(Please Turn to Page 200)

Beginning in the Next Issue

THIEF'S PROGRESS

The Autobiography of an Ex-Thief

By JOHN COFFEY

The first installment of this unusual autobiography will appear in the issue of February 5th. It will cover the first thirty years of the author's life, ending with his final release from prison in July 1925, a few weeks before his thirty-first birthday. During his entire criminal career he was arrested eleven times and served six terms in prison. His first prison sentence was begun when he was sixteen. Twice he has been committed to insane asylums.

●

He began by taking small sums from the cash drawer in his father's grocery store. He ended as a shoplifter, one of the most daring and resourceful in the Underworld.

●

"The main purpose of my story," says Mr. Coffey, "is to tell how I came by the ideas which I now have and why I believe in the individual and social program which I think necessary for society. Basically my ideas

came as a result of taking Christ's teaching and applying it to my actions. I did this entirely without religious feeling or motive; I did it simply because I had learned from history of no teaching and example of greater merit than Christ's. These ideas have fulfilled a desperate need for clear, sure guidance toward a way of life that would bring happiness, instead of the increasing unhappiness that brought me one day, in the solitary cell of Blackwell's Island, to attempt suicide by biting through the arteries of my wrists, the only means open to me for accomplishing it."

●

Mr. Coffey is now married and living in New York where he is a wood dealer. His story is an important and timely social document, contributing to a deeper understanding of the insides of our prisons and the insides of their inmates. It is also an absorbing story, a vivid picture of the life in the Underworld.

Beginning February 5th
